The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1888.

The Week.

THE Presidential campaign of 1888 is the briefest in our history. It is less than three months from to-day to election, but Mr. Cleveland has not yet written his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination, while as for the Republicans, "the leader of the party" has not arrived in the country, and is not expected to sound "the keynote of the campaign" until he makes his long-advertised speech at Portland, Me., on the 15th inst., which will leave but a trifle over two months and a-half before the day for voting. It was very different in 1840, when the grandfather of the present Republican candidate for care-taker of the White House was running for the Presidency. William Henry Harrison was nominated in December, 1839, and the campaign was well under way before the end of the winter. This year, for the first time, there are no "October States"—that is to say, none that count, for Georgia, which still elects her Governor in that month, is too one-sided to carry any weight. Pennsylvania held its last October election in a Presidential year in 1872, Indiana in 1880, and Ohio in 1884. It is a tremendous gain to the cause of good politics to get rid of the demoralizing influence caused by the attempt of both parties to secure the "moral effect" of a preliminary victory by such tactics as the notorious "soap" campaign of 1880 in Indiana. Vermont and Maine still hold State elections in September; but as the result in each case is a foregone conclusion, they do not count. The same thing is true, not only of the Georgia election in October, but of the Arkansas in September, and of the Alabama last Monday.

The Republican policy becomes more clear every day. It is now openly admitted that, if the Republicans carry the election, the Nominal Candidate is to be merely care-taker of the White House, while the Greatest Living Statesman is to be the real Head of the Administration from 1889 to 1893, and then run for President in name as well as in fact. The programme is thus authoritatively stated in a Washington despatch to the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*, Congressman Dingley's paper: "It is a part of the Republican writ that Mr. Blaine shall be Harrison's Secretary of State; and further, that after Harrison's day will come Blaine's in the Presidential chair. The call for Blaine's nomination as the next Republican leader will be irresistible."

Senator Edmunds of Vermont is not the "Republican United States Senator" quoted by Mr. Foster in his famous "fat" circular as authority for the statement that "the manufacturers get practically the sole benefit of the tariff laws." The St. Louis *Republic* states that he has denied the authorship in a letter addressed to a Missouri friend, which has been published by a local paper in that State. The *Republic* adds that "he denied not only for himself but for Senator Morrill," and it makes this further important statement: "The *Republic* is informed on excellent authority that the real author is Senator Plumb of Kansas." Mr. Foster described his Senatorial correspondent as "a Republican United States Senator from a State which never had a Democratic representative in either house of Congress, or a Democratic State officer." A strict interpretation of this language would rule out both Senators from Kansas, as that State had a Democratic Governor a few years ago. But Mr. Foster is not a second Horace Greeley in the matter of election returns, and he has very likely seen in the *Tribune* under its present management a reference to Kansas as a State that always goes Republican, which he blindly followed. At the same time the necessity for further speculation as to the identity of the Senator would be removed if Mr. Foster would accept our invitation, now again renewed, to send this paper an authorized statement as to the matter.

The lengths to which protectionists will go in attributing all benefits to the operation of their fetish it is impossible to tell. We have been sufficiently accustomed to that kind of thing, but we confess to a little feeling of surprise on finding that Judge Kelley, in the August *Forum*, claims that one of the causes of the lowering of transportation charges for Western grain in the last twenty years has been the encouragement given by Congress to the production of steel rails in America. By what possible process of reasoning Mr. Kelley arrives at the conclusion, that our railroads have been aided in the substitution of steel for iron rails by being compelled to pay $17 a ton more for them than they might have imported them for, is a mystery. In former years protectionists contented themselves with saying that it was a good thing to make all our own commodities, even if it made them somewhat dearer; that we should in time be able to make them without protection, and so forth. But now it has become the fashion to say that things are all the cheaper for having protective duties laid upon them; and probably Mr. Kelley had in mind this new and misty doctrine when he spoke of freight rates having been reduced by the facilities which a 75 or 100 per cent. duty affords for the purchase of steel rails.

We called attention the other day to various signs that the workingmen are mastering the great lesson taught by the Foster circular, that "the manufacturers get practically the sole benefit of the tariff laws," such as the hearty support of the Mills bill by Congressman Smith of Milwaukee, sole representative of the Labor party in the House, and by others, like Mr. Weaver of Iowa, who were elected in part by labor votes; the change of Congressman Lawler of Chicago from an opponent of the Morrison bill two years ago to a supporter of the Mills bill now, with the hearty approval of his constituents, 95 per cent. of whom he estimates to be wage-workers in the greatest manufacturing district of his city; and the vigorous opposition not only to Gen. Harrison personally, but also and much more to the high-tariff attitude of the Republican party generally, shown by nearly all of the 200 labor papers published in the United States. To these must be added the very striking proof of the political drift of the laboring men shown by the action of their mass meeting in Indianapolis last Thursday. While the resolutions adopted show some special personal feeling against the Republican candidate as a man, they are chiefly directed against the attitude of the Republican party regarding the tariff. Evidently it is not going to be so easy to "work the free-trade racket among the workingmen" as the Republican managers expected.

When Gen. Harrison committed himself to the scheme of subsidizing South American steamers, he overlooked the fact that when this question came before the House only a few days ago, scarcely half of the Republicans could be rallied to the support of a subsidy scheme; and leading men from the West, like Mr. Henderson of Iowa and Mr. Nelson of Minnesota, made it clear that the farmers have concluded once for all that this policy must not be resumed. Gen. Harrison also overlooked the letter sent Mr. Nelson by the ship-owners and importers of Baltimore, commending his course, and protesting against the ruin threatened their business by the proposed subsidy. They can speak from experience, the Garrison and Roach subsidies, in their time, having pretty thoroughly crowded out the Baltimore clippers. By the way, in all this patriotic talk about our flag on the sea, why are our sailing vessels always left out of the account? In building and navigating them we have some chance of holding our own against competitors. The Baltimore clippers are now carrying a considerable part of our South American trade. Their freights can profitably be put at a figure low enough to compete with the English steamers, and their trips occupy but little longer time. New York importers use them much and value them highly. Why should somebody be paid to get their business from them? Gen. Harrison says that if our merchants but had more frequent and more regular mails, they could at once enlarge their business in South America. A correspondent points out that, as transactions of importance are conducted by cable, this is a rather obsolete delusion. He also had to have his fling at "tramp" steamers, apparently not understanding the significance of the presence of "tramp" steamers in all waters. It simply means that the

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business of building steamships has been overdone, there being, according to Mr. Wells, an excess of 25 per cent. over the needs of the world's commerce, so that they swoop upon an offered cargo, like a crow upon carrion, cut freights to the lowest point ever known, and make the project of special legislation to get more steamers afloat ridiculous to a degree.

The "rebel-flag incident" was brought into the debate in the House last Thursday. Mr. McKinney of New Hampshire, in the course of a speech on the pension bill, remarked that "the only return of Confederate flags by the Government took place under a Republican Administration." This was disputed by Mr. Boutelle of Maine, but Mr. McKinney affirmed that twenty-one such flags were returned by Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and that not one had been by Mr. Cleveland's Administration, although a Republican official, to wit, Adjutant-Gen. Drum, had recommended in writing that they should all be returned. Then Mr. Boutelle questioned the Republicanism of Gen. Drum, but did not go to the length of denying it. Mr. McKinney reaffirmed what he had said as a fact within his own knowledge, and repeated that the only rebel flags returned had been returned by Republicans. This incident recalls the confession made by Gov. Fairchild of Wisconsin, after he had invoked "three kinds of palsy" on the author of the rebel-flag order, that his information about it came in a telegram "from his friend Gen. Drum." It is very clear now that when Gen. Drum sent the telegram to his friend Fairchild he expected to receive congratulations in return, and not any kind of palsy.

Probably no harm will come from the passage of Senator Cullom's resolution to investigate the relations of Canadian railroads with transportation across the continent, although there was a good deal of rubbish mixed up with it. The Canadian Pacific Railway, we are told, is now carrying 42 per cent. of the tea that we consume. Well, what of that? If they are doing so, they must be doing it at a loss, because they have a more difficult and expensive line to operate than ours. If they are doing it at a loss, they are giving us some of their money, which Senators ought not to object to except upon strictly political grounds. If they are doing it at a profit, then our own railroads are to blame for allowing the Canadians to pick up business under their noses. So as to business taken from American ports on the Pacific to American points east of the mountains: we venture to say that every pound of freight so carried has been carried at a loss, or at least without profit, the Inter-State Commerce Law being non-operative as to that traffic. It will probably be found that not more than 5 per cent. of the traffic naturally belonging to American lines has been taken by the Canadian Pacific, and that upon this 5 per cent. the Canadians have no reason to congratulate themselves. But there can be no objection to the investigation except that it involves a certain amount of useless bickering, and plays into the hands of those who seek to multiply difficulties with foreign countries in order to help the "home market."

The continued indifference of the Post-office Department to the doings of Postmaster Jones of Indianapolis is one of the crying scandals of the day. The impunity he has enjoyed, and continues to enjoy, has done more harm to the Administration than all the "work" of one thousand Joneses could repair in a year. For the President makes a great mistake if he supposes that the mischief done by a man like Jones is confined to the State in which it is carried on. As we long ago pointed out to him, it is not possible, in these days of telegraphs and cylinder presses, to confine the results of abuses to States in which the reform sentiment is feeble. The idea that the spoils system can be allowed to thrive without damage in States in which it is vigorous, provided it be cut down remorselessly in States in which the reformers are numerous and powerful, has been proved to be utterly fallacious. Indiana or Maryland scandals cannot be confined to Indiana and Maryland. The whole Union hears of them. Thousands in other States who supported Mr. Cleveland in 1884 are disgusted or alienated by them, and led to doubt whether he has done any good at all, or to underestimate grossly the good he has done. The reports which the Civil-Service Reform Association in Indianapolis continues to make on Jones's doings are simply sickening, and, as far as we can learn, they are neither denied nor deniable. The last one, besides the record of apparently unjustifiable dismissals among the carriers to make room for Democratic workers, tells of one shocking appointment, that of a man named Tompkins, who had, as shown by the records of the Marion County Criminal Court, pleaded guilty in November of last year to an indictment of giving liquor to a minor—namely, a school-girl of thirteen—whose acquaintance he made at the post-office while he was serving as a clerk, and whom he enticed to "a resort" out side the city. The charge is that, though Tompkins was suspended when arrested for this offence, he was, after his conviction and the payment of his fine, restored by Jones to his clerkship, "and is in that position now," the report says. "Nearly all these facts," it adds, "have been brought before the Administration." We hope and believe this one is not among the number. We cannot believe that the President is knowingly allowing Jones to get *full* swing.

Signor Cesare Rosmini, in the current number of the *Giornale degli Economisti*, presents the Italian side of the immigration question which is now awaiting solution at the hands of a Congressional committee, reviewing at length the bill introduced into the Italian Parliament by the Crispi Ministry. Such a law has long been demanded by Italian statesmen and economic and statistical societies, but the steady opposition of Signor Depretis defeated all action in this direction. On July 29, 1887, however, Depretis died, and in the speech with which the King opened the XVI. Parliament, November 16, he announced that the Government would request the assent of that body to an emigration law; and a month later such an act was introduced. Its most important provisions are as follows: The licensing of domiciled Italian citizens as emigration agents for one year by the Minister of the Interior on the proposition of the prefect of the province. The agent must deposit 1,000 to 3,000 lire ($200 to $600) as security against sudden losses of emigrants resulting from his action or negligence, to be disbursed on the award of a Governmental commission. A copy of the contract must be given to the emigrant. The agent is forbidden under penalty to ask or receive compensation from emigrants, except for sums actually disbursed on their account; to counsel, induce, or excite emigration; to furnish emigrants with shipping, to mediate between them and the shipping company, or to accompany them to the place of embarkation or destination. Clergymen and local officers who promote emigration, even without the desire of gain, are likewise liable to punishment, as are all who procure or give shipping to emigrants unprovided with proper papers. The spreading of false information, with fraudulent intent to promote emigration, is punishable as swindling. Finally, the Government is armed with full ordinance power.

Mayor Hewitt announces that he is not a candidate for another term, that he does not want to be Mayor again, does not expect to be, and does not intend to be if he can help it; but that there are things that he wants to see started, and things that have been started which he wants to see carried on to completion, and that "if the people should go ahead and elect me, that would be something I could not help and could not run away from," and he "would have to take it as a matter of duty." There ought to be no doubt about the action of the people. Mr. Hewitt has his weaknesses and infirmities, but the average of his official action is exceedingly high, and the city will be blind to its own interests if it does not command his services for another term, now that it is evident he would obey its command.

The fight between the Liberals and Tories over the Commission Bill, providing a judicial tribunal to inquire into the charges of the London *Times* against the Parnellites, practically ended last week in the reporting of the bill from the Committee of the Whole, after a debate of extraordinary acrimony. The Government has been dragged into proposing it little by little, and little by little has made it as disadvantageous to the Parnellites as possible. The *Times* pamphlet was originally really a campaign document of the kind with which we are very familiar in this country, and fortified, in order to make it more sensational, by a copy of a letter purporting to have been written by

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Parnell, expressing satisfaction with the assassination of Burke and Cavendish. Incautiously the Ministers were led, both on the stump and in the House of Commons in the fury of debate, to refer to it now and again as a true description of the Irish Home-Rulers, probably hardly foreseeing the consequences of treating seriously accusations of this kind against members of Parliament, and thinking they could confine themselves to taunting Parnell with not bringing a libel suit—and probably forgetting, too, as they often do in their rage, that the Irish really are members of the House. This gave the Irish an advantage, of which they promptly availed themselves to ask for a Parliamentary Committee of Investigation, which was refused; but the refusal made even fair-minded Tories uneasy about the situation.

The matter then lay quiet for a while, until the Attorney-General, a member of the Cabinet, in another incautious mood, took a brief for the *Times* in the O'Donnell libel suit, and produced the *Times's* pamphlet in his speech, strengthened with more assassination letters from Parnell, and in fact committing himself to the assumption that Parnell was an accessory to a murder. Coming from the highest law officer of the Crown, this was, of course, a prodigious blunder, and really committed him to a criminal prosecution of Parnell, and made the cry, "Why don't you sue the *Times?*" absolutely ludicrous. After this there seemed nothing for it but to grant a special investigation of some kind. The former refusal made it impossible to grant a Parliamentary committee, so the plan of a judicial commission was devised. The Parnellites wanted the inquiry confined, and it looks as if it was originally intended to be confined, to the authenticity of the letters, but the *Times* and the Attorney-General seem to have been greatly alarmed over this, because it is now admitted that the authenticity of the letters cannot be proved, and they therefore induced the Government to extend the inquiry to all the charges made by the *Times*, and to "other persons" besides members of Parliament. In this way, if the evidence about the letters breaks down, the effect will, it is hoped, be neutralized or softened by a cloud of other testimony about the crimes of the National League and the violent speeches of the agitators. The result has been reached by an amount of subterfuge, evasion, self-contradiction and wriggling on the part of the Ministry which makes the affair one of the most discreditable chapters in English politics. But, in spite of everything, the inquiry must do good. The three judges are men who will not be led astray by clap-trap or elocution, and their report will reduce the *Times* charges to the proper dimensions. One has only to glance at these charges to see that a tribunal like this must make sad havoc among them.

We learn from the London *Economist* that the Telegraph Department of the British Post-office is being worked, not only at a loss, but a loss which is increasing every year. The annual loss was £112,000 in 1881-2, and £471,000 in 1886-7. In the expenditures of the telegraph service is of course included interest (at 3 per cent.) on the capital invested in the purchase of the telegraph lines, for which the State paid, according to the *Economist*, much too high a price. But a very large portion of the deficit is caused, according to the report of the select Committee on Revenue Estimates, by the low rates for press messages, the loss in this branch of the work being computed to reach nearly £200,000. If this estimate is well founded, the *Economist* thinks there ought to be no hesitation in advancing press rates to the paying point, and is of opinion that no self-respecting newspaper would oppose such a step. There is no valid reason, says the *Economist*, why newspapers should receive this disguised subsidy; although they confer great benefits upon the country, they are after all business undertakings, in general amply able to pay their way, and if, while making money, they are performing a public service, the same may be said of the butcher and the baker.

Unionist circles in England either believe, or affect to believe, that the Tammany Society in this city is composed exclusively of Irishmen, and that the chief business of the organization is the planning of raids on the city treasury. We think it was Mr. Arthur Arnold who pointed out in a magazine article that the Tweed Ring also contained Irishmen only, and that its operations afforded a fair illustration of what would go on in all the Irish towns in case Ireland obtained home rule. We need hardly say that this view has obtained frequent and powerful support from our friend Prof. Goldwin Smith, writing from his eyrie in Toronto, and that it has done good service on the Unionist stump. Unluckily, however, the Government investigation into the doings of the London Board of Works has revealed a state of things which shows that even among the Saxons of that city "pulls" and "boodle" are by no means unknown. In fact, it has ruined the Tammany argument against home rule. The *Daily Telegraph*, a furious Tory and Jingo sheet, thus speaks of the revelations now made:

> "Nobody will now dispute that probably for a good many years past the chair of the excellent Lord Magheramorne has been planted at the side of one of the most corrupt organizations that the history of any modern community can show. Corruption seems to have been the very oxygen which—if that respectable and valuable gas will excuse us the metaphor—a certain class of the Board's officers and servants habitually inhaled. It was the breath of their official life, the ozone of their administrative existence. All these gross scandals and abuses, all this giving and taking of commissions, all these levyings and payments of blackmail, were going on for years under the very eyes—nay, under the very nose—of this blameless official and most estimable man; but no whiff of the vile odor of all these malpractices seems ever to have assailed his nostrils, no faintest jingle of ill-gotten gains seems ever to have reached his ear."

The coöperative experiment in England is of much greater age than might be inferred from noting that the recent Coöperative Congress at Dewsbury was numbered the twentieth. Back at least to 1849 and the Christian Socialism of Maurice and Kingsley, does the movement date. Indeed, we believe that Mr. Neale, the President of the Congress, was himself associated with Ludlow and Maurice in the organization of the first workingmen's coöperative society. However that may be, the Dewsbury meeting served to bring out the great proportions now reached by an enterprise whose beginnings were of the humblest. The United Kingdom now has 1,350 coöperative stores, supplying more than 920,000 members. Their sales amounted to more than $120,000,000 last year, and the profits-shared reached nearly $15,000,000. This last sum represents the annual saving now effected by dispensing with the profits of middlemen. It cannot be denied, therefore, that the experiment in distributive coöperation has been a great success. Yet, on its face, it is but a partial and self-limited solution of the question it attacks. Distributive without productive coöperation is a one-legged affair, and the record of experiments in productive coöperation is almost wholly one of failures. The Congress voted to take up that work anew, but the past is not reassuring. Merely distributive coöperation, even if carried to the greatest possible extent, and made to reach all of the 5,000,000 families of Great Britain, might not mean a higher standard of living. As Lassalle pointed out, it might mean lowered wages, under the stress of competition, thus really neutralizing the saving now effected by coöperative stores.

The distinct promise made by the new Emperor, in his speech to the German Parliament, to enact laws for the benefit of the poor, has a partial fulfilment in the measure of socialistic legislation which has recently passed the Bundesrath. The first of Bismarck's laws in the interest of workingmen, along the line of the demands of the Socialists, was, it will be remembered, that providing for a pension to workmen disabled by an accident. The new law extends the system to invalided workingmen and those who may reach the age of seventy years. The scheme is to operate in the following manner: An insurance fund is to be accumulated to which workingmen themselves, employers, and the Empire, each contribute equally. Men are to subscribe five cents per week and women about four cents, each employer of labor is to add as much as the sum drawn from all his work-people, and the Government will give its third. From the sum thus obtained, a pension of sixty-two cents a week will be paid to any who are kept from working by sickness, and to all who have passed their seventieth year. Measures thus purely socialistic seem now to be the settled policy of Bismarck, undertaken in the hope of drawing the fangs of the Socialist party. Thus far he has certainly met with little success in that purpose, as the Socialist vote keeps on growing, and the Socialist party, far from being conciliated by his half-way laws, laughs at them and pushes on its propaganda with redoubled zeal.

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LAODICEAN POLITICS.

DR. STORRS has written a long letter to the *Independent*, explaining the saying attributed to him by Dr. Cuyler, that he was so perplexed and displeased by the Republican platform that nothing seemed left for him but to "take to the woods." He qualifies this now as an "idle word," representing "a real feeling of uncertainty and unrest" from which he has not altogether escaped, "though it becomes increasingly probable that he will again vote for the Republican ticket"; at least, that "seems the conclusion towards which his mind drifts," though his dislike of the platform is as great as ever. But he thinks that, on the subject of temperance, reliance is rather to be placed on the Republican party than on the Democrats, and, as to the tariff, although he again denounces the utterances of the Republican platform as absurd, nevertheless, "in view of the majestic history of the party," etc., he "waits to see if such a revision of the tariff as appears to him demanded will not be accepted by the party as a near and an imperative duty."

The letter is interesting as an illustration of the way in which the mind of a good man who does not give particular attention to politics, and lives under strong habits and traditions, works about election time, and postpones or fends off the disagreeable necessity of taking any positive step in the direction of a change for the better, even when he acknowledges that such a change is needed. It is still more interesting, however, to the student of American politics, as an illustration of the agencies which have brought the Republican party into its present troubles. If we were asked by a young man to explain to him the process by which the party of Greeley, and Sumner, and Lincoln, and Chase, and Seward had become the party of Blaine, and Quay, and Elkins, and Shook, and Reid, and Ford, we doubt if we could do better than put into his hands Dr. Storrs's letter, with some such comment as this:

A party begins inevitably to decline in force when its founders die out and its principal aim has been accomplished; and it must necessarily do so because it is not a church, and is, therefore, not a divinely appointed depositary of revealed truth, or a divinely appointed means of individual edification. It has no corporate existence whatever. It is simply the agreement, necessarily transitory, of a large body of voters to try to embody some particular idea or set of ideas in legislation, or intrust the execution of the laws to the hands of a particular set of men. The only way in which we are made aware of its existence or of its aims is through the pledges it exacts of the legislators whom it elects, the platforms in which it enunciates its principles, and the kind of men it puts in high office.

Except through this manifestation, no one knows anything about a party. Its members have nothing in common but their momentary agreement to say certain things on certain topics, and to support these things by voting together at certain elections. But we inevitably get into the way, in countries of universal suffrage, of talking of the men who take charge of the machinery as "the party"—that is, the men call the conventions together and regulate their proceedings, and we finally come to think of them as "the party." And after talking and thinking of them as the party, for a time, we soon get into the habit of ascribing to them a corporate existence, with a sort of transmitted goodness and purity, or spiritual efficacy, like "holy orders" in the Catholic and Episcopal Church, so that each of them, however unworthy personally, will, in his relations to the party, and in his action for the party, be moved by a special inherent and perpetual grace, of which he cannot, as long as he speaks for the party, divest himself by any ordinary sin or iniquity. Under this view the party, of course, never ceases to be the party of the original founders; and Blaine, Quay, Elkins, Shook, Reid, and Ford continue to be, and are for for all party purposes, Greeley, Sumner, Lincoln, Chase, and Seward, to the eye of the faithful man.

Once this corporate continuity of character and aims is established in behalf of the party, and men like Dr. Storrs are got to accept it, of course persistence in any line of error or folly becomes easy, and change for the better hard. "The party," for instance, has for twenty years been promising to revise the tariff, but has steadily refused to do so. Dr. Storrs says this ought to be done, but when he asks the party why it is not done, the answer is simple—in fact, he makes it himself. "Matt" Quay will say: "You trusted Lincoln to do what was right eventually, did you not? Then why do you not trust us? For all party purposes we are Lincoln, and Seward, and Sumner, and Chase rolled into one. We are heirs of all their purposes and aspirations, and just as sure to come out right in the end as they were. You admit that our past, including that of Blaine, Dorsey, Shook, and Reid, is 'majestic,' and you must surely see that, this being the case, although we have for twenty years or so never shown the smallest intention of altering the tariff, except to raise it, we are pretty sure to reduce it before long. In fact, we cannot help ourselves. The reduction of the tariff being, as you say, a 'near and imperative duty,' and duties of this sort being very attractive to us, we are almost certain to buckle down to the work within a few years. If we do not, we shall transmit 'the majestic history' which we have received from our precursors, to other managers who will come after us, and, you may rely upon it, the tariff will be revised, either before you die or afterwards. In the meantime, do not lose heart or hope, but vote our ticket as usual. We are as sound on the liquor question as on the tariff, although it may not seem so to the casual observer. Our brothers Shook and Reid may now and again seek to 'give Republican saloon-keepers the protection to which they are entitled,' but this ought not to cause you to mistrust them, because, in virtue of the law of the party's being, the persistence of such men in error is impossible. How often has the Christian Church fallen into corrupt ways, and made discreditable concessions to sinners; but how surely has she in the end come back to her primitive purity."

CAMPAIGN LYING.

LATE in the canvass of 1880, after the Republicans had succeeded in making the tariff an issue, the Republican National Committee issued from their headquarters in this city and Brooklyn the following card:

[From a pamphlet issued by the Free-Trade Club of London.]

"Let it be understood, once for all, that the salvation of England depends upon the destruction of American manufactures, and that the only possible way in which American manufactures can be destroyed is by free trade. This can only come through Democracy, and Democracy can only secure control of this republic by the votes of Irishmen. How England must laugh in her sleeve as she sees the men who left their homes vowing vengeance, serve her interests by working for a party which, if it gets control of the country, will inevitably carry out the policy she most desires!"

Mr. David A. Wells promptly pounced on this as a fraud and exposed it, challenging Stephen W. Dorsey, the precious scamp who, as Secretary of the National Committee, then had charge of the "majestic history" of the Republican party, to produce the pamphlet. Dorsey, after waiting three weeks, and submitting to nearly as much prodding as Mr. Foster about the "fat" circular, came forward, and in thoroughly characteristic fashion flatly denied that the Committee had issued any such card. This was too bold, however, for a cloud of witnesses at once appeared to testify to the issue of whole bundles of it, both in this city and Brooklyn, and Dorsey disappeared into the obscurity in which he has ever since lived, except when he was under trial as a Star-route thief. There never was any such pamphlet, or any such club as "The Free-Trade Club." The whole thing was a pure invention, and yet it was simply the most barefaced of many similar ones.

Proofs that our Republican friends are again resorting to the same tactics pour in on us now every day. Devices of this kind are very hard to meet, because they are rarely resorted to through the newspaper press, and therefore one only hears of them in a measure accidentally. The instrumentality is usually oral gossip, or hand-bills addressed to workingmen. An illustration of the former of these methods came to us within a day or two, from a respectable correspondent in the West, whose letter we reproduce, suppressing the names.

DEAR SIRS: A gray-haired lawyer, formerly of your city, and a friend of Levi P. Morton, always damages my arguments, based upon your facts and lines of thought, by declaring that the *Evening Post* property is mortgaged for $500,000 to two members of the Cobden Club at 2 per cent. Innuendo that you are bribed.

The statement, to be sure, has nothing to do with the value of the arguments, but hurts me on facts with two doubtful men in our office, and if you can see no objection to denying the statement, you would confer a favor on me by so doing. His name is ——, and to my denials he said it was matter of record to his knowledge.

No offence whatever if I receive no answer.

Yours respectfully, ——.

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We presume, in the ordinary relations of life, this "gray-haired lawyer" is a scrupulous and truthful man; but when the tariff is attacked, he has no hesitation in becoming a deliberate and circumstantial liar. As a general rule these oral lies are, in order to make them effective, backed up by "personal knowledge" of the facts. In the canvass of 1884 a reader in this city made known to us that a friend of his, living a short distance in the country, had accounted to him for the course of the *Times* and the *Evening Post* by alleging that he knew personally of the pecuniary inducements applied to the editors of these journals, respectively, in order to get them to support Cleveland. On hearing this, we made the most tempting offers to persuade him to come to town and expose the wretches to public disgrace in the presence of any reputable witnesses, but never could induce him to open his mouth or move an inch again. He will probably now carry his secret with him to the grave.

The Chicago *Tribune*, we perceive, has just been having a similar experience. A report has been spread through several country newspapers that the editor had received money from the Cobden Club, in the usual way, for "supporting free-trade doctrines." The editor calls for "names, dates, and specifications," and promises, if the author of the story will come forward, to convict him in the courts of lying. But he will never get any names, dates, or specifications, nor will the author appear. Such tales are not intended to be proved. They are intended to close the ears of ignorant people between now and November to facts and arguments that would probably otherwise affect their votes. It is, as the Chicago *Tribune* says,

> "amazing that intelligent men should be fooled in this day and generation by the silly old Cobden Club hobgoblin. The Cobden Club is a poor organization, half dead and half alive, without any funds, and never having had enough to pay the small expense of circulating documents."

But intelligent men are not fooled by it. It is meant for the more ignorant workingmen, and particularly the Irish, who seem to be in this country the chief prey of demagogues and impostors. The opponents of tariff reform are at this moment circulating another forgery, purporting to be an extract from the London *Times*, to the effect that "the only use England has for Irishmen now is to send them to the United States to vote for Cleveland and free trade." Of course this is an impudent invention, like Dorsey's in 1880, but it will probably be of use to its concocters. Retract it, or apologize for it, or feel ashamed of it, they never will.

Another and very common form of campaign lying is the issue of hand-bills addressed to workingmen — or "wage-earners," as they are called—showing, sometimes by anecdote, sometimes by argument, and sometimes by figures, the dreadful consequences to American labor should the Mills bill become a law. We have a sheaf of these documents lying on our table now. Of the arguments we have nothing to say on the score of dishonesty. There is hardly any fallacy so gross, on questions of trade and taxation, that it may not be held and used in good faith. But the columns of figures intended to give a comparative view of the money received by workingmen in this country and in England, and of the cost of clothing, provisions, etc., in the two countries, are generally curious and interesting examples of what may be called oscillatory falsehood. The writer does not lie straight down either one column or both, but oscillates from one to the other. If he tells the truth, for instance, about the wages paid in one trade in London, he will lie about the wages paid in the same trade in New York, or vice versa. And when he tells the truth about the cost of a particular article in New York, he will lie about its cost in London, and so on. There is no way that we know of directly counteracting the mischief done by these leaflets. No authority is given for their statements. The author's name is unknown, and so is the source from which they are issued, and they cannot be followed in their circulation. They are probably the most flagrant appeals ever made in American politics to sheer ignorance and gullibility, and can only be met by the equally diligent diffusion of facts taken from official documents and capable of verification.

THE FIGURES AS TO TARIFF REDUCTION.

MANY inquiries are now being made as to the way in which the average rate of duty, and the average reduction of duty proposed by the Mills bill, are estimated. Some complaint has been made that the slight reduction of the average duty shown by considering only the dutiable list is deceptive. One or two inquiring correspondents have remarked that if the Mills bill had put all but a few articles on the free list, and had placed a duty of 100 per cent. on those, there would have been, on the basis of the dutiable list alone, an increase of rate, although the customs duties had been practically abolished. The *Tribune* a few days ago seized this idea and made it the basis of an elaborate attack. It will doubtless be of service to many readers to give some consideration to this and related matters.

In the first place, then, speaking broadly, the dutiable list is the proper basis for estimating the scale of the existing protective tariff. What people want to have an idea of, in the present discussion, is the rate at which the protected interests are protected, or, in other words, the percentage of discrimination that is given to them as against foreign producers. That percentage, in the case of the year ending June 30, 1887, was 47; namely, our imports of dutiable articles amounted to 450 million dollars, and the duty collected on them was 212 million dollars. Our imports of articles on the free list in the same year amounted to 233 million dollars. Now, if we were to add this to the amount of dutiable imports, and reckon the percentage of duty on the whole 683 million, we should find the average duty to be 31 per cent. But evidently this would not be a correct measure of the protection afforded by the present tariff. The free list consists of articles which receive no protection, most of which cannot receive any, and of all of which it may safely be said that there has been no demand worth mentioning for their protection, or they would certainly never have been put upon the free list by a Republican Congress. Of the whole importation on the free list one-third was coffee and tea, one-eighth chemicals, one-eighth hides, skins, and furs, one-twelfth unmanufactured silk; one-twelfth consisted of American products returned unaltered, and brown sugar imported free under the treaty with the Hawaiian Islands, and the remaining one-fourth partook of the general character of the above.

To compare the average rate of duty under the proposed bill with the present rate, Mr. Mills has taken the actual imports for the year ending June 30, 1887, of articles on the dutiable list of his bill; has found the aggregate amount of duty which these articles would have had to pay under the provisions of the bill; and has found what percentage of the total importation this duty would have been. It turns out to be (taking the bill as amended and sent to the Senate) 42½ per cent., as against 47 per cent. in the present tariff.

It must at once be admitted that these figures do not fully represent the reduction of the rate of protective duty. Some articles have been placed upon the free list against the strenuous protests of protectionists; the chief of these is raw wool, and the next in importance are raw flax, lumber, and salt; tin-plate belongs in a somewhat different category, as it is not produced in this country, though there has been a considerable outcry about putting it on the free list. The total amount of duties remitted by articles being placed on the free list is $20,000,000, and to this amount the articles above enumerated (including tin-plate) contributed about three-fourths; the remaining articles placed on the free list are chiefly chemicals, and other materials of the same general nature as those previously placed on the free list by Republican Congresses.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that any great reduction would have been shown if we had made the whole importation, instead of dutiable articles only, the basis of our calculations. The total importations of the year amounted to $683,000,000; the remission of duty which the Mills bill—free list and all—has made on these is $50,000,000, which is 7¼ per cent. of that total; in other words, if we considered the aggregate imports instead of the dutiable list alone, the average rate of duty on the imports actually made in the year 1886-87 would have been 7¼ per cent. lower by the Mills bill than by the existing tariff, instead of 4½ per cent. as found above.

To all these calculations several objections may be justly made. In the first place, it may be said that the placing of certain arti-

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cles on the free list will cause an increased importation of them, so that the figures of the year 1886-87 should be increased for the purposes of this estimate. Secondly, it may be said that where a duty was practically prohibitory, the imports under it were too small to appreciably affect the average, and its reduction would not be perceptible; of course, this remark cuts both ways. A point much more important to notice is, that, in a prominent class of cases, the reduction of protection is not as great as would appear from the figures. The chief illustration of this is in the item of woollen goods, the duty on which has been reduced by just the amount that had been laid on to compensate for the duty on the raw material. The average duty on woollens has been reduced from 59 to 39 per cent., and the reduction of duties thus effected amounts to $12,000,000, which is two-fifths of the total reduction made on the dutiable list; and this reduction, so large a part of the whole, while being so much saved to consumers, cannot be regarded as a diminution of protection at all. This consideration alone far outweighs all the objections that may be made to the figures by high-tariff advocates.

Finally, it must be said that no method of averaging, based on amounts of imports, can give an accurate idea of the actual rate of protection. In making such an average, the weight attributed to each article is made proportional to the amount of it imported, whereas, to measure its importance in a scheme of protection, it ought rather to be made proportional to the amount produced at home, though even this would be open to serious objection. Nothing can be substituted for an actual examination of the chief provisions of the tariff; and any one who will take the trouble to make such an examination will see how carefully the Mills bill has been framed, in almost all its points, to secure cheaper necessaries and cheaper raw materials, with extremely little disturbance of existing industries. But, as few can take the trouble to satisfy themselves of this the brief rough statement that can be made in a word must serve on most occasions. And we trust that the considerations above presented suffice to show that when we say that the Mills bill makes the average rate of duty on dutiable goods 42½ per cent., instead of 47 per cent., and that it places raw wool, raw flax, hemp and jute, lumber, salt, tin-plate, certain chemicals, and a few other articles on the free list, we give as fair a statement of the proposed tariff reduction as can be made in a few words.

THE NEW VIEW OF CHEAPNESS.

SOME months ago, Gen. Harrison, the Nominal Candidate of the Republican party, said in a speech in Chicago:

"I am one of those uninstructed political economists that have an impression that some things may be too cheap; that I cannot find myself in full sympathy with this demand for cheaper coats, which seems to me necessarily to involve a cheaper man and woman under the coats."

As about 90 per cent. of the male population of this country wear ready-made clothing, and, as a matter of necessity, take great pains to get it as cheaply as possible, this seemed a very hard saying, and we have commented on it with some severity. The Chicago *Herald* has since taken the same view of it, and asked, as it seemed to us, with much force:

"Why should a cheap coat involve a cheap man under it? And if a man is obliged to wear a cheap coat, why should he not be allowed to buy the best one possible for the money he can lay out?"

Upon this it was taken to task with much sharpness by Gen. Harrison's home organ, the Indianapolis *Journal*, which asked very sternly:

"Do you not know, as a matter of fact, that tailors and seamstresses, men and women, now sew for very low wages, and that to cheapen clothes would be to lower wages, thus bringing tailor and seamstress nearer to the starvation point and making cheaper men and women?

"Do you not know that this was what Gen. Harrison meant?

"Do you not know that a very large majority of the male population in this country, probably 90 per cent., wear ready-made clothing the year round?

"Do you not know that a common, a good, or a first-rate ready-made all-wool suit of clothing can be bought in this country to-day as cheap as or cheaper than in any other, and, we may add, much better made and better fitting?

"Do you not know that the repeal of the duty on wool could not possibly reduce the price of ready-made clothing unless a reduction of wages followed?"

We were, on reading this, beginning to feel sorry for the wretched *Herald*, whose ignorance or cruelty was thus remorselessly exposed, when our eye fell on the following from another Republican organ, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, quoted with approval on Monday by the great organ of all, the New York *Tribune*:

"We beg leave to remind our Democratic friends once more that the price of whiskey has been quadrupled and that of clothing quartered by the Republican party in the last twenty or twenty-five years."

It would thus appear—if the Indianapolis school of economists be correct in their doctrine, that "to cheapen clothes is to lower wages"—that the Republican party has cut down wages in the clothing trade 75 per cent. within the last twenty-five years, and has poured brine on the wound by raising the price of whiskey in the same proportion. A more extraordinary confession to be made by a party which is going into this canvass as the friend of the workingman, it would be difficult to conceive.

We now see that the more Gen. Harrison's objection to cheap clothing is discussed, the harder of comprehension it becomes even to his own supporters. The only way we can think of in which he could clear the matter up, would be to put himself, in another speech, in the place of a laboring man—whether mechanic, or operative, or farmer, matters not—and give us a sample of the reflections with which such a man should prepare for the purchase of a suit of clothing, say in the fall, when the chill in the air warns him to get ready for the winter. His means are of course small. To provide his family with lodgings, food, and clothing tasks his resources to the uttermost, and often leaves him unable to make any provision for sickness or loss of work; every dollar is precious to him. But the time comes when he must have a new suit of clothes. He knows of one store where he can get it for $15, but he knows, or has been told, of another where he can get the same thing exactly for $12. Now, what we want from Gen. Harrison and his organ, and what they ought to supply, is an outline of the debate with himself which the poor man ought to carry on before deciding at which store he will purchase. If he follows Gen. Harrison's advice, and buys the dear suit, in order to avoid becoming "a cheap man," his wife and children and neighbors and creditors will think him a crank, will consider that he has wasted three dollars, and will begin to fear that his earning days are nearly over; while if he buys the cheap suit, he will, according to the Indianapolis *Journal*, not only feel cheap himself, but lower wages. Such a situation is sure to be most puzzling to the untaught mind of the average poor man, and he ought to be helped in dealing with it by an argumentative tract from some high Republican authority.

We would respectfully suggest that Gen. Harrison should put into the same speech an outline of the letter which an American commission merchant or manufacturer in New York should write to his agent in Brazil or Chili in order to procure orders for American products from those countries, when that "regular [subsidized] mail communication" is established which, the Nominal Candidate says, is all that is necessary to give us profitable commercial intercourse with those countries. As matters now stand, we speak advisedly when we say that not a single manufacturer or dealer in this country knows what to say in such a letter, particularly as he would have to begin by repeating Gen. Harrison's warning that we will never allow any foreign goods to be offered for sale in our markets, on equal terms. At present, without the further light which Gen. Harrison may hereafter throw on the subject, it would have to be something of this sort:

NEW YORK, November 8, 1888.

DEAR SIR: We take the liberty of enclosing herewith a price-list of the leading articles of American manufacture, in which we shall be pleased to execute your orders in this market. You will note, doubtless, that the prices are all, or nearly all, from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. higher than those of similar articles in England and on the continent of Europe, which you will, we feel sure, not object to pay, both in order to maintain your own self-respect and to enable us to keep up the wages of the laboring man in this country. It is proper to add that should you think of paying for the same in goods of your own the like of which are produced here, even in small quantities, it cannot be permitted, this market being reserved exclusively for American sellers. Any dealings we have with you will, therefore, have to be for coin, and particularly silver, of which we are now seeking to accumulate as large a store as possible. You will be rejoiced to know that, owing to the regular mail communication with your country recently established by our Government, we shall be able to forward you a communication of like tenor and effect with this one, every week, which must, we are sure, inure to our mutual advantage.

Trusting to hear from you in due course, and thanking you in advance for the orders you would probably like to send, but will not send, we remain, with great respect,

Your faithful servants,

LUNKHEAD & CO.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

THE negotiations in progress between the Northern Pacific Railway Company and the Provincial Government of Manitoba, respecting an entrance to and a commercial alliance with that country on the part of the railway corporation, have a deeper significance than appears upon the surface—deeper, perhaps, than the negotiators themselves are aware. As regards the details of the bargain, we have no knowledge beyond what the telegrams from Winnipeg furnish. These imply that the Manitoba people turn over to the Northern Pacific Company the line from Winnipeg to the border recently undertaken by their Government, and that the company will build a new line from Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie, to connect there with the Manitoba and Northwestern Railroad, which is already in operation for a distance of upwards of 140 miles into the heart of the great Valley of the Saskatchewan, and will extend the latter line still further northwestward, the Manitoba Government to guarantee the bonds of the new roads to the extent of $6,500 per mile.

We do not assume the correctness of the details of this arrangement, but as to its general features and its quite inevitable consequences we have no doubt. The Canadian Northwest is to receive a new development, its interests are to be allied with those of our own Northwestern States, and eventually there will be a commercial union on the basis of reciprocal free trade, to be followed by political union in the fulness of time. These unions will not be confined to the northwestern provinces of Canada, but will embrace all the British mainland of North America, and when the time comes that the people of Canada see their interest and their inclination this way, the mother-country will offer no opposition.

If the political union of the two countries is desirable, commercial union is the surest step to bring it about. This is the opinion of all parties in Canada, both those who favor and those who oppose it. The obstacle to union at the present time, as in the past, lies in the hearts of the people. Commercial antipathies, rivalries, jealousies, and fishery disputes growing out of hostile tariffs, have borne their natural fruit. Good feeling, the necessary precursor to union of any kind, does not grow out of unfriendly acts. When we abrogated the Treaty of 1854 we turned Canada away from our doors, forced her to seek new commercial relations, and postponed by a quarter of a century the consideration on her part of the question of entrance into the American Union. We will not now ask whether we were justified in abrogating that treaty. It is certain that we had some provocations growing out of the civil war, but in the greatness of our victory we might have overlooked them, and it would have been to our advantage to have done so.

At the present time we are told there is no party in Canada that dare avow the wish to link their fortunes with the United States; that there are men of prominence and influence here and there who do not hesitate to favor such a policy, but that they have no following worth making account of. This is probably true of old Canada, though not in the same degree as in the past. It is not true, however, of the Canadian Northwest. The prejudices of the olden time are scarcely felt in the new territory of the Saskatchewan, while the reasons for union between these people and their neighbors across the border are much stronger than anywhere else in the Dominion. The long distance that separates them from any civilized communities of their own confederation, the bleak and sterile nature of the country to be traversed, forbidding the hope of any considerable settlement of it at any future time, the cost of transportation, and the loss of time—all conspire to turn the eyes of these people southward for trade and for social sympathy. How powerful these influences are, the recent breaking up of the Canadian Pacific Company's monopoly in that country, at a cost to the Canadian Government of $15,000,000, abundantly testifies. The maintenance of the monopoly would have led inevitably to the disruption of the Dominion.

And what is the Canadian Northwest? Few people in the United States have any adequate or proximate conception of its extent or value. It embraces an area of fertile land, fit for the homes of civilized people, of 200,000,000 acres, equal to the territory of Dakota and Montana together, abounding in coal—both anthracite and bituminous—natural gas, the precious metals, furs, timber, and water power, while in the attractiveness and variety of its natural scenery it surpasses anything in the United States or Europe. The climate of this region is somewhat, but not greatly, colder than that of Dakota, the isothermal lines running southeastwardly from the Mackenzie River to the southern bend of Lake Michigan. It is not too cold for the hardy populations of northern Europe, who eagerly seek to better their fortunes by occupying the country. One hundred and fifty thousand people now live and thrive there, and millions may do so as easily.

MANIPULATION IN WALL STREET.

THE lately renewed activity in Wall Street is ascribed by some well-informed and experienced heads wholly to "manipulation." This explanation, however true it may be, needs itself to be explained. The dulness and deadness of the past twelve months, and the decline in securities that followed the bursting of the Manhattan bubble, were ascribed in like manner to manipulation. So it appears that manipulation works both ways with equal facility. Down or up is all one to the manipulator. He is at home in any state of the weather, and as ready to turn a dishonest penny by a rise as by a fall. But what is manipulation?

It cannot be supposed that manipulation is a final cause—certainly not manipulation which takes opposite directions at different times. It is the resultant of other things. As generally understood, manipulation signifies a common understanding and design on the part of a clique of operators to raise or depress values in order to get other people's money, either by "shaking out" their securities or by "unloading upon them" at fictitious prices. This feat may be accomplished in a variety of ways, by making money tight or easy, by spreading false rumors, by selling short or buying long; but obviously such manipulation can be only short-lived. Money cannot be cornered, false rumors are soon corrected, and both selling and buying have very narrow limits when confined merely to cliques. Moreover, the cliques are subject to the laws of trade. It is to their interest to "manipulate" in accord with the facts of the business world in all cases. If they sometimes make mistakes, they never do so designedly. It is their intention always to go with the tide, never against it. Manipulation is therefore only anticipation expressed in acts. It may be based upon error, but it is nothing else than an attempt to reap a profit from something which is going to happen, but which the mass of the community have not yet divined or grasped.

Again, the manipulators are no select body of persons. They are Tom, Dick, and Harry to-day; Jones, Brown, and Robinson to-morrow. It may and often does happen that two sets of manipulators are working at cross purposes at the same time, having conflicting ideas of what is likely to come to pass, as whether crops are to be good or bad, whether railroad companies are going to make war upon each other or not, whether trade is to be profitable or unprofitable, whether the situation in Europe is peaceful or otherwise. Simultaneous and concerted manipulation in one direction is never long continued unless supported by facts. If we look back at the manipulations of the past year, we shall find that they were based upon a pretty general belief that business was dull and was likely to continue so for a good while; that times were bad and profits low, and that those who "bet their money" on that opinion would win. Accordingly, all the manipulations that have been complained of — and they have been almost incessant for twelve months — have been "on the bear side," and they have been pretty generally successful because the facts were on that side.

If now manipulation has taken the opposite tack, it means that the majority of those who make it their business to forecast the future of trade and industry anticipate better times. If the improvement in Wall Street is due to manipulation, the manipulation itself is due to a belief that there is a turn of the tide. This may be a wrong belief, but it certainly does exist. People do not manipulate for fun, but for profit. When we find a persistent and continued manipulation for a rise, we may be sure that the operators think that there are good grounds for a rise. Is this belief well founded? We shall not dogmatize on this subject, although the improved tone of Wall Street is the best evidence within reach that it is so. Wall Street is the focus of the country in the business sense. Whatever is known or can be known anywhere is known there. There all the streams of intelligence converge, and it

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would be as easy to manipulate Niagara Falls up stream as to manipulate the money market, for any considerable time, counter to the true business situation of the country. All the professional operators conjoined with all the newspapers and stump speakers could not, more than momentarily, change the true set of the current.

With the single exception of the woollen industry, all trades are now fairly and increasingly prosperous, and we hear less of labor troubles than usual. The cereal crops, although not wholly out of danger, are highly promising, and the foreign demand for them is more encouraging than it has been in recent years. The small towns in the interior, and especially in the West, are full of business enterprise. The slackening of railway construction which was noticed at midsummer has been followed by a new season of activity, and as a necessary consequence the demand for iron has revived. These are some of the facts, probably the chief ones, that have changed the balance of manipulation in Wall Street from the bear to the bull side. They are all taken into the account, as they should be; but no manipulator or other business man imagines that the Mills bill will interfere in the least degree with the prosperous current that appears to have set in. Whatever politicians may say, nobody will bet a dollar on the theory that a small reduction of duties on imports and an enlargement of the list of free raw materials will check or interrupt the revival of industry. On the other hand, we ought to reckon on the probable reduction of the Treasury surplus, however that may come about, as one of the most important factors contributing to the present improved situation.

There is always danger, in times like these, that speculation will be overdone, but if we have not yet passed the stage of manipulation, if the upward movement is all the doing of the professionals, if the public are not yet in the swim, that danger is not imminent.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL IN THE HOUSE.

Although it is now more than two years and a half since the Chace bill was introduced into the Senate, it has only been before the House of Representatives officially a little more than four months. On March 19 the Senate Committee on Patents made its second report upon this bill, and on the same day, by prearrangement, Col. Breckinridge of Kentucky presented to the House (without remarks) a duplicate of the bill as formulated by the Senate Committee, after the public hearing held in March. This text included the so-called "typographical amendment"—stipulating that only such books should be copyrighted as were "printed from type set within the limits of the United States," and the slightly modified prohibition of importation. The bill was read twice, ordered to be printed (as H. R. No. 8715), and referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary. After a public hearing of arguments in favor of the bill before this Committee, it was placed in the hands of a subcommittee, who drew up a favorable report, and on April 21 it was reported back to the House by Mr. Collins of Massachusetts, whereupon it was referred to the House calendar, and was again ordered to be printed with some slight verbal alterations.

The report was also printed as House Report No. 1875, a document of two pages. It begins by pointing out the insular position occupied by the United States in excluding aliens from laws protecting literary and artistic property, and says:

"This bill proposes that the creators of this class of property, whether citizens or foreigners, shall be protected in the enjoyment of it within the limits of the United States. It is now the only species of property which stands unprotected by our laws. Its recognition and protection seem to rest upon the foundation of common honesty. The persistent confiscation of it has been a reproach to our people, a serious discouragement to our authors, a marked injury to our publishing trade, while working demoralization and debasement of our literature."

The passage of the bill will, the Committee are satisfied, "encourage and stimulate American authorship, designing, engraving, and all the arts that enter into the making of good books. By it our authors obtain a wider market—that of the whole world—while they are saved from the competition of the unpaid work of the foreign authors. It will unquestionably raise the standard of literary taste, also, by banishing the 'trashy' and the 'gas-light' literature from the field." The unanimity of "authors, publishers, type-setters, electrotypers, binders, booksellers, and all others engaged in making and distributing books" in their advocacy of the bill is dwelt upon, as also the care taken to insure that the books copyrighted shall be entirely manufactured in the United States. Finally, the Committee revert to the question: Will the price of books be increased under international copyright? and answer it in the negative, believing it certain that "the best books written by men and women all over the world will be sold in the United States for less than they are sold now"; and that "the general consensus of opinion, the argument pushed almost to a demonstration, is that all other books will be sold for as low a price as they are now," the experience of European countries before and after international copyright being considered by the Committee as conclusive on this point.

On Wednesday, May 9, the Senate passed the Chace bill, and on Friday, the 11th, the Speaker laid the Senate Act before the House of Representatives, whereupon it was read twice and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. On May 24 Mr. Collins from that Committee presented a second report (No. 2311), noticeable for its brevity. It reads as follows: "This bill differs but slightly from the House bill of the same title already reported. The Committee report the Senate bill favorably and recommend its passage." Both report and bill were ordered printed, the latter being marked with the Senate number (S. 554), and entitled: "An act to amend title sixty, chapter three, of the Revised Statutes of the United States," such having been the title of the Chace bill from its first presentation in Congress. The Senate "act" was referred to the House calendar, taking the place of the prior House bill, under date of April 21. All bills entered before that date would, in ordinary course, take precedence of it. The edition of the House calendar prepared for Monday morning, July 30, indicated that on that day there were 147 bills in the Committee of the Whole House, 88 bills on the House calendar, and 402 on the private calendar, or 637 bills in all, waiting to be considered before it became the turn of the Copyright Bill. This condition of affairs precluded any hope of the latter being reached during this term in its regular turn. The alternative was to secure the setting aside of a future day for its discussion. This could only be brought about by obtaining unanimous consent to introduce a resolution to that effect, and on Monday week Mr. Collins presented a resolution setting apart Thursday, December 6, for the debate of the bill, and asked unanimous consent to have it considered. To this Mr. Rogers of Arkansas objected, and the resolution was lost. As a single objection to any similar resolution would defeat it, it is clearly not probable that a discussion can be secured this session, and the whole matter must therefore go over until next winter, when, Mr. Rogers said, he expected the bill to pass.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

The death of General Sheridan closes the active service of the military officers for whom special rank was created by act of Congress. It is thus a reminder, serious and forcible, of the rapidity with which the generation is passing away that took an active part in the great civil war. Gen. Sherman remains, with the earnest good wishes of the nation that he may long enjoy a green old age; but he is upon the retired list, while Sheridan, a much younger man, falls in the midst of the active duties of commandant of the army at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan are placed, by the popular verdict from which there is no appeal, as a trio of great men standing apart from all the other military chieftains on the national side in the great struggle with secession. It does not matter that Sheridan's active service was chiefly in lineal rank below that of Meade and Thomas, and that his appointment to the grade of Lieutenant-General over them was after the war had closed. The popular mind has taken the ultimate rank as the index of the war service, and, by an *ex post facto* decree, assigned its importance to a grade corresponding to the final recognition in rank which he received. It will be the historian's duty to recall all the incidents of his brilliant career, and to weigh all the circumstances which test his claim to highest military honors. To the people he will always be what Blücher was to the Prussians, the "Marshal Vorwärts," who was to them the embodiment of patriotic devotion and boiling, aggressive energy.

Sheridan was never tested by the supreme responsibility of the command of a great army in an important campaign, as Meade was at Gettysburg and Thomas at Nashville. Even his justly famous campaign in the Shenandoah was so connected with that of Grant against Lee as to be subordinate to it, and to be free from that accountability for decisive events which is by far the heaviest burden a general has to bear. It cannot be too often repeated

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that the difference between the intellectual tests applied to the commander of an independent great army and to his most important subordinate are different in kind, and that the most glorious success in the latter is no proof of ability to sustain the former. Military history is full of examples of brilliant marshals who were unequal to supreme command.

It was Sheridan's great merit that he proved equal to all the increased responsibilities that were put upon him, and that his powers were manifestly and rapidly growing when peace put an end to his career in war on a great scale. He had been much slower in reaching prominence than numbers of his great rivals. It is doubtful if he himself had much confidence in his own military capacity till much experience in brigade and division commands had educated him to trust his own judgment, and to follow the inspiration of his moments of battle enthusiasm.

Born in March, 1831, he was just thirty years of age and a captain in the Thirteenth Infantry when the war began. His career at West Point had not been specially promising; indeed, he had for some reason been obliged to spend an extra year in completing the course. Seven or eight years had been spent in garrison life on the frontier and in the petty conflicts with the Indians of the Pacific Slope. The first organization of our great army of volunteers made it necessary to use many officers of the regular line in staff duty, and Sheridan probably regarded it as a lucky thing that he was assigned to duty as a quartermaster. A full year was spent in routine administrative duties, but in the spring of 1862 he was serving in this capacity on Halleck's staff after the battle of Shiloh. In the stir of an actual campaign the hot blood of his Irish ancestry showed itself in flashes of energy and originality even in his duties as quartermaster, and the opinion both Halleck and Grant then formed of him bore fruit later in the war. His transfer to a regimental command came, however, from the appreciation of him then formed by the officers and men of a volunteer regiment, and on their request he was made Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. To be a captain of regulars and colonel of volunteers was then but a step from brigadier, and though a brilliant affair at Booneville was the occasion of the promotion, it was, in the rapid increase of the army, almost a matter of course. His new commission dated from July 1, 1862.

In the rearrangement of departments after the Corinth campaign, Sheridan was assigned to the Army of the Cumberland and shared its fortunes till the spring of 1864. He commanded a division under Buell in the battle of Perryville, and under Rosecrans in the battles of Stone's River and Chickamauga. His military reputation grew solidly, but his division had formed part of the right wing of Rosecrans's army, and was involved in the disasters which were the opening scenes in both the great engagements last named. His personal conduct was always heroic in battle; but it cannot be said that he had yet shown the power to grasp and control large bodies of men in a decisive moment. At Stone's River he had rallied his broken brigades and stubbornly defended the new line which was formed, and against which Bragg's assaults finally failed. At Chickamauga the break in the line occurred beyond his left, but his division was carried away in the disorderly retreat towards Chattanooga, and did not again come actively into the fight.

At Missionary Ridge he had part in the enthusiastic assault in which the men of the line, without orders, instinctively continued the rush after Bragg's retreating skirmishers up the hill, and carried the crest by that extraordinary and spontaneous inspiration which, as we now know, was as unexpected to their commanders as it was to the enemy whom it crushed. It is no reproach to the reputation of Grant or of Sheridan to recognize the fact that here, if ever, the goddess Fortune asserted her old-time control over the events of war. They were worthy of her favors, and knew how to use them. The glory of the result illumined all the actors in it, and begot a popular confidence which went far to sustain them in the desperate struggles of the next year.

Sheridan had been made a Major-General of volunteers after Stone's River, and his reputation was that of a good division commander, faithful to his superior officers, and with personal characteristics of impetuous courage and hot, enthusiastic nature which belong to brilliant personal leadership. His associates did not think of him as of one likely to show the broader intellectual comprehension of the problems of war or the strong grasp of a great leader. Army reputation among regular officers was so much a matter of class standing in the Military Academy, that it may be doubted if Sheridan himself, at this time, did not yield to the habitual assumption that the men who had stood higher than he at West Point were much more competent to command. He was afterwards accustomed to speak of these phases of his experience as "tests" through which he had passed, and by which he himself as well as others had learned what higher work he was capable of.

His transfer to the command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was probably determined by Grant's feeling that he especially needed a leader then who could show an example of personal energy and enthusiasm which would beget a like spirit in his subordinates. The Confederate General Stuart had, rightly or wrongly as he thought, overtopped the cavalry leaders of the Potomac army in the matter of enterprise and personal prestige, and it is probable that Grant looked more to this quality in Sheridan than to his strictly intellectual endowments.

A few weeks' service, however, proved to Grant that his subordinate had qualities which surpassed his expectation, and his confidence in Sheridan grew rapidly and steadily to the very end of the war. The Shenandoah campaign satisfied him that he had no one so fit to be trusted with a detached command with powers of independent action; and whatever criticisms have been made upon the severity towards the inhabitants which marked the mode of carrying out his orders, there is no doubt that that favorite route for diversions against the advance of the Army of the Potomac was thenceforth closed. Here, as at Missionary Ridge, Fortune favored Sheridan, and his ride to Winchester, which in fact little resembled the popular account embalmed in story and in stirring verse, gave a romantic interest to his career, more effective with the public than the sterner and solider events of the campaign. He took the tide at the flood, and popular confidence stimulated him to double effort and greater trust in himself.

Under his handling, the cavalry of the Potomac army became practically a mounted infantry, using its horses for rapid locomotion, but fighting dismounted with fire-arms of sufficient range and with a sufficient steadiness of line formation to put them upon nearly equal terms with the ordinary line of battle. Its self-confidence and prestige rapidly grew, and the fruits of hard discipline and experience through the preceding campaigns were reaped under the new leader in an almost unbroken series of victories in combats great and small, from the Wilderness and Todd's Tavern to Five Forks and Sailor's Creek and Appomattox. The death of Stuart emphasized the change that came in the relative power of the cavalry arm in the opposing forces, and the Confederate Army, horse as well as foot, was kept pretty steadily on the defensive till the final surrender. In the closing campaign Sheridan was often intrusted with a mixed command which answered more nearly to the control of a wing of the army than to any other, and Grant lost no opportunity of showing his complete trust in the judgment as well as the dash of his favorite subordinate.

Sheridan's relations to other officers were usually cordial, but the ardor of his temperament led, at times, to collisions in which he was not always right. At Missionary Ridge he had charged Wood's division with appropriating cannon gathered, as he said, in the line of march of his own victorious brigades. Both in substance and in form the assertion was unjustifiable, as investigation has shown. It left wounds which never quite healed. A similar hastiness of temper was no doubt the cause of his unfortunate act in relieving Gen. Warren of command in the very moment of victory at Five Forks. The power to do so had been left in his discretion, but its exercise was in total misapprehension of Warren's spirit, and in ignorance of the wise and gallant conduct by which Warren was in the very act of achieving success. It crushed an officer who had few equals in the service. There is justice in the argument that the burning zeal and energy which brooks no delay in quick surmounting of obstacles, must almost necessarily ride over some whose misfortune it is to seem to be in the way; but as one and the other pass away from earth, we owe it to truth to point out the injustice or the error. The country owes a generous sympathy, if not a remorseful vindication, to one who suffered in her cause for faults mistakenly attributed to him, as well as an admiring tribute to the successful hero.

In the Franco-Prussian war Gen. Sheridan represented our army at the headquarters of the Prussian King. It has been much regretted that he published no memoir of his observations in the campaign of Sedan. In private conversation he indicated the opinion that our civil war had had great effect in modifying the tactics as well as the weapons of European armies, and that the military leaders of Germany and France had learned more from our experience than could be taught us by theirs. This meant that the European war had been the occasion for testing changes and improvements originating here, and for putting them into general practice, rather than for originating new methods. He had formed clear ideas as to the relative merits of the continental systems, and of the armies affected by them; but whether from disinclination for the theoretic presentation of such questions, or from an unwillingness to criticise either Frenchmen or Germans, he maintained a reserve in all public references to the subject.

His personal attachment to Gen. Grant was always warm and devoted, and the points of his public performance of duty since the war which have been most criticised were those in which, as in Louisiana and Texas, he was attempting to enforce what he believed to be the policy of his chief. Political life he was sincerely averse to, and limited his activity as far as possible to the strict performance of military duty. His devotion to the country

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was unquestioned and unquestionable. His patriotism was pure and sincere. His great services and the romantic brilliancy of his career forbid that his fame should be forgotten, and it is likely to grow only more solid and glorious with time.

A COUNTY-SEAT WAR IN KANSAS.

GOODLAND, KAN., July 30.

ONE evening, early in the fall of '87, four men were driving through the streets of a small town in the extreme western part of Kansas. As they passed the principal drug-store, one of them cried out, "What's the matter with Eustis?" and they all shouted in chorus for reply, "She's all right!" A straggling group of men on the sidewalk gave them a cheer, and they drove on into the country.

Four miles of level road across the prairie brought them to a sod house, just as the lamps were being lighted. The homesteader came out and gave them a homely and hearty welcome, took the care of their horses upon himself, and ushered them within. Inside, one hardly realized that one was on the frontier. The walls were perfectly white and smooth, and hung with engravings. A deep window recess was filled with house-plants, and five or six men were talking around a cheerful coal fire. One of them was a candidate for the Legislature, another for a county office. They were all on their way to a political meeting, and had made this their rendezvous.

As soon as the party of a dozen or more had eaten supper, they drove some eight or nine miles to the schoolhouse at which the meeting was to be held. One to whom such a scene as the interior formed was new, could not but be impressed with its peculiarities. As a matter of course the building was made of turf. It was newly built, and nothing had been done towards finishing it. There was neither window nor door in the openings left for them, and the floor was the natural ground with the buffalo grass scraped off. From one of the planks which supported the roof hung a badly smoked lantern. Gathered in one end of the house was a small heap of pine blocks and shavings, from which every now and then some one would economically feed the feeble fire which burned primitively upon the ground, and which furnished most of the light and all the warmth for the audience. About thirty men were assembled. Some were perched in the deep window-seats; others, talking, in small groups, leaned against the turf walls, while most of them squatted, Indian-fashion, about the fire, and smoked or chewed tobacco.

Truly, it was not a promising outlook for an interesting and edifying discussion of public affairs. Yet the chief question at issue was so important, locally, the people present were so absorbed in its settlement and so anxious to see its bearings, that for three hours the little meeting continued, under the disadvantages of cold and partial darkness and the absence of seats, listening to the debaters. These spoke with energy always, generally with directness, and sometimes with genuine power. Entire courtesy was shown throughout, and the proceedings were marked with more dignity than one would have thought possible under the circumstances.

Many of the new counties in the West nowadays, at the time of their organization, pass through a fierce fight over the question of locating the county-seat. Sherman County was no exception, and this meeting was the first one of a campaign which was to finally settle the point of so much importance to town-site speculators—of importance to them because it meant financial loss or gain; why the homesteaders were so interested it is hard for one to understand. They were tired, for one reason, of a fight which had now been going on for two years, and which divided their county into factions; they had personal grievances against the citizens of one town or personal likings for those of another. At any rate, as a rule they felt more intensely and were more bitterly partisan than those whose property was at stake.

At the time the meeting above described was held, six towns had been started within a radius of four miles, near the centre of the county. Three of them had given up the struggle, and the buildings had been moved to one or the other of the remaining three. The town of Eustis had been designated by the Governor as the temporary county-seat, and one election had been held at which no town had received a majority of the votes cast. Goodland, the town which was eventually successful, had been laid off but a month before within a mile of Eustis, and consisted almost entirely of buildings which had been moved from other towns. Some of the buildings now here, by the way, have been moved across the prairie for several miles as many as five times.

Goodland was backed by a town company which put plenty of money into the campaign. The town was also supported by a secret organization among the farmers, many of the members of which were promised town lots in case of success. At the election for county officers each town had a full ticket in the field. The Goodland candidates were elected; the Eustis ticket was a poor second. The third town—named Voltaire, yet the first to have a church—was so discouraged by the vote for officers that the fight for county-seat was given up. The remaining two weeks before the county-seat election were devoted by both the Goodland and Eustis leaders to capturing the Voltaire vote. All sorts of deals and offers—which probably amounted to buying and selling—were made in the strictest privacy. Influential men in different neighborhoods were "seen," and many a thrifty bargain was driven. Both towns had already made liberal donations of public buildings and land to the county as a bid for support, and on election day the money was given directly and almost openly to the voters. About fourteen hundred ballots were cast, and, it is said, nearly five thousand dollars spent. In one township, which threw but a few more than a hundred votes, thirteen men, I am told, stood in a row while their leader negotiated for the lot at a hundred dollars. In another, three men held off for fifty dollars until the money gave out on both sides, and then went home disgusted without voting. Some took pay from both sides, and then voted as they pleased; others, and I am glad to believe a majority, refused all offers of money, and voted according to their convictions. When the count was made, Goodland had received a majority of nearly two hundred.

The Eustis leaders, however, were far from giving up at this stage of the game. They immediately began a policy of obstruction and delay. The commissioners were enjoined from canvassing the vote, the election of all the county officers but one was contested, and measures were even taken to keep the matter in court for several years. In the meantime Eustis, of course, remained the county-seat. The Lincoln Land Company, a corporation which is officered by men connected with the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company, and which owned a half interest in the Eustis town site, expected to secure the extension of the railroad into the county, and, by placing the station at Eustis, to discourage the Goodland people into giving up and moving over.

For two months matters advanced slowly, and to a superficial observer it began to look as if the Eustis leaders would make good their boasts and wear out their opponents. Negotiations were constantly on foot for a compromise on some sort of a basis, and the citizens of Goodland acknowledged that their town company was trying to sell them out. They refused to be sold out, however, and concluded to cut short matters of negotiation and legal procedure alike. A committee of the homesteaders' secret society first waited upon the Commissioners and informed them that they must canvass the vote for the new Board; that if they refused to do so, and made answer instead to the alternative writ from the Supreme Court—as they were allowed by the court's method of procedure to do—they, the committee, could neither foretell nor be answerable for the consequences.

In spite of the committee's advice, which amounted practically to threats, the Commissioners refused to count the vote, and made answer to the writ instead, and war was practically declared. It was generally understood that both towns had been quietly collecting guns and ammunition. There was one brick building in Eustis, to the second story of which the county records were moved and a guard placed over them. The only stairway was on the outside, and it was fully commanded from the upper windows of a building just across the street. Behind these windows some ten or a dozen repeating rifles were quietly stored, and an equal number of men told off to use them in case of necessity. Every three or four days during the first fortnight in January some one in Eustis would be arrested on a trivial charge, taken before a justice in Goodland, and placed under bonds.

One day, the 13th, quite a number, including most of the county officers, were taken in this manner as prisoners and witnesses, while others went along to sign their companions' bonds. This was simply a part of a well-laid plan to carry off the county records by force. While these men were delayed in Goodland on one pretext or another, a mob of fifty or sixty well-armed homesteaders, headed by one or two determined citizens of Goodland, started across the level stretch of prairie for Eustis. One man belonging in the latter place noticed their departure, and, driving his horse well to one side of them, hastened into town to give warning. The mob fired on him several times, but failed to stop him.

Many of the people of Eustis were of the opinion that all the bravery was on their side, and it was hard to make them realize that their enemies were forcing the fighting; but when the squads into which the mob had divided came marching in from four different directions, with their rifles on their shoulders and determination in every countenance, the contempt with which some had treated the news of their coming gave way to other feelings.

The leaders of the mob were evidently informed as to the disposition of the Eustis forces. The twelve chosen men had hurried to their quarters across the street from the stairway, which was the key to the situation, and it was around the building they were in that the little handful of men gathered. A good deal of loud talking and profanity was indulged in at first, but it was soon quieted by the leaders, who declared that they had not come "to take the records by law, but by force," and that "one Winchester in the hand was worth two mandamuses at Topeka." They told the deputy sheriff

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—under whose direction the Eustis men that were expected to do the shooting were acting—that they knew where his men were; that they would set fire to the building which contained them the instant a shot was fired, "and," they said, "we'll sure get the man that fired it." The deputy was impressed with their arguments, told them he would himself lead them to the records, and would answer for their safety. He held a consultation with his posse and warned them of their danger. They nevertheless begged him to authorize them to fire upon the mob, as they all were anxious to kill, but none cared to be held as murderers in the eyes of the law. He refused to give them his authority, and returned to the leaders of the mob.

The latter succeeded in getting their men to form, after considerable hesitation, a skirmish line down the middle of the street, and one may imagine that their position was not an enviable one. But they believed that they represented a principle. The phrase "the will of the people" was in all their mouths, and the idea that the majority must rule in all their minds. By listening to their talk while their leaders were negotiating, one understood that they had no realization of the magnitude of their offence towards law and order. They were exasperated at the law's delay, and angry at the thought that a rich corporation's money, through legal niceties which they could not understand, was about to cheat the majority of its will. Then besides—and mainly through this, I fancy, for their action might fairly have been called foolhardy—they were actuated by the prospect of the ridicule they would have to undergo at the hands of friends and enemies alike, should they return empty-handed.

With a humor which was probably not appreciated, they cautioned the deputy sheriff, who was quite a large man, fat, and, just then especially, scant of breath, that if he were playing them false, there was ground enough in the county to cover him; and then, with much caution, and him leading, two or three mounted the stairs, while the skirmish line covered the building opposite with their rifles at full cock. It was not five minutes until even the Goodland boys, who had followed the mob at a distance, were carrying down dockets and assessment-rolls by the armfuls. Two wagons were filled with books and furniture, and, guarded by the proud and successful homesteaders, were driven to the Goodland courthouse, where their contents have ever since remained.

The chagrin of the Eustis people may be imagined. Of course there was plenty of talk about recapturing the records; the Governor was petitioned to order out the militia, and a dozen schemes were thought of and discussed. Finally, another writ from the Supreme Court was to be answered, and, owing partly to threats really uttered and partly to natural apprehensions, many believed that another effort would be made to intimidate the Commissioners, and coerce them into a line of action which should accord with the will of the majority. When the particular day arrived, it was interesting to note how an excitement grew from nothing. There was absolutely no basis for the rumors which reported that another mob was forming in Goodland. Yet such was the state of public feeling that the talk and suggestions of one man to another aroused suspicions and apprehensions; these, passing from mouth to mouth, became serious fears, while a quiet, waiting sort of excitement generally prevailed. It was not the excitement which causes men to lose their heads, but it was sufficient to stop all business for the time. Men gathered about and talked over the situation. Every one who could procure a gun—and runners were sent as far as thirty miles to bring in a friendly rifle—placed himself at the disposition of the captain, and was sworn to defend the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Kansas, and uphold the law and order of Sherman County. Rifle pits were dug at frequent intervals surrounding the town; pickets were stationed, and no one was allowed to enter or leave without stating his business. News of these preparations, of course, reached Goodland, where it was believed that an effort to recapture the records was on foot. The guard at the court-house was therefore strengthened, while wagon-loads of stone were distributed about the building as breastworks.

This state of affairs continued for over a week, when two officers of the State guards, acting under orders from the Governor, arrived on the scene. At his request the hundred men who had been answering to roll-call every morning and evening, were disbanded; the wrinkled front of grim-visaged war was smoothed out, and negotiations undertaken for a compromise. They eventually amounted to nothing, and the books remained in Goodland. But in the meantime people had cooled down and all danger of bloodshed was over.

At this time Eustis people began to acknowledge cautiously that the chances of winning the county-seat through the courts were slim; and the advantage of keeping the matter unsettled was gone with the books. The railroad was the last resource, and it was soon learned that the company had a surveying party at work. Then came the great engineers' strikes, and the party was recalled. The Rock Island built into the county, and not only missed Eustis and gave Goodland the station, but also made the latter place headquarters of a division. The Supreme Court held the election valid, and the two towns are now united. It was an easy matter to move the light frame buildings across the level prairie, and the one brick building was torn down and rebuilt and ready for occupancy within thirty days. L.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LONDON, July 20, 1888.

NOT long ago there appeared in the pages of the *Nation* an account of a touching little ceremony which took place in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, when Walter Savage Landor's bust was unveiled in the presence of a few who remembered him. Some memories of this singular man must, one would think, have been revived among the *Nation's* many English readers. No doubt, there are but few who can remember to-day a man who was born in 1775, and these are growing fewer every year. Every year carries with it irrecoverable impressions of the past, which ought to have been caught and recorded before they faded quite away. In Florence there must surely be some traditions of Landor left; they cannot all have died out. His wife lived in a villa at or near Fiesole for some time, and it was there that, after an absence of thirty years, Landor suddenly rejoined her without a word of notice. He had left her in a fit of caprice, and when he returned as capriciously he was outraged and indignant to find that no niche in the family circle had been left vacant for him. He had taught his family to do without him, and had left them for thirty years to practise their lesson, and then was bitterly disappointed when he found how well they had learned that lesson. Late one night he appeared in Florence at the lodgings of his faithful friends the Robert Brownings, in a towering rage, and vituperating, no doubt, as only he could vituperate, against the whole female sex, and that arch-villain his wife in particular. He would never go back to her, never! Indeed, it was the only possible decision to make. He was at no time an easy man to live with, and after that little absence of thirty years, Mrs. Landor may be forgiven if she did not receive him with open arms. But she cannot be forgiven for the long bill which she sent after him, in which every lemon which had been made into lemonade for him during his brief stay was entered and charged for; and it must be remembered that the villa itself, with its garden and all its lemon-trees, had been paid for out of Landor's own money.

Some of the Florentine courts of justice still, perhaps, possess records of the suits brought against Florentine citizens by this impracticable Englishman. The last time he appeared, whether as prosecutor or defendant, in the Syndic's court, he stooped to hoist up a heavy bag which he had brought with him, and which he placed on the table before him, coolly observing that, as he knew every man in Florence had his price, here was money to secure judgment on his side. The Court, feeling itself this time outraged beyond endurance, pronounced sentence of banishment against him, and he left Florence, never to return.

Before he was exiled, Landor had lived in rooms above those occupied by his kind friends the Brownings. They used to send his dinner up to him every day, and, to a man of his vehement temperament, dinner was a very important event. He would stand, watch in hand, when the hour was approaching, and if the dinner was a moment behind time, he would seize the dish and hurl its contents out of the window. Mr. Browning's son, who was then very young, well remembers seeing a leg of mutton pass the window of his father's room on one of these occasions. An expensive and troublesome inmate, no doubt; but what good times the three poets must have had in those long evenings when dinner was forgotten and there was nothing left to do but talk! How they must have enjoyed each other's scholarship! Landor, the splendid old heathen, whose imagination not only revelled in classical thought, but clothed itself in classical expression and style; Mrs. Browning, with her keen interest in and knowledge of Latin and Greek, though it may be that, like Aurora Leigh's, hers was "lady's Greek without the accents"; and Robert Browning himself, a rare instance among English scholars (less rare, it may be, among Americans) of a man who, being neither an editor of Greek plays nor a teacher of undergraduates, still studies with fresh delight, for his own mere solace and entertainment, the works of the ancients—with how much advantage to the English-speaking public the readers of 'Balaustion's Adventure' will gladly acknowledge. Those evenings must have been racy indeed, undisturbed by Landor's Tudor furies, refreshed often by his Homeric laughter.

Of all writers, Landor is perhaps the one whose reputation most depends on the reports of his friends rather than on his writings themselves—so very few now read what he wrote. Classics in an English dress are no longer the literary fashion. Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' even, are better known by their title than by their contents. They have little pretence to be dramatic, though they not only pretend to represent the tone of thought of the time, but seem to do so, and succeed in a remarkable degree. They are dramatic as to century, but not as to individual.

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Each interlocutor appears to talk as Landor would have talked if he had lived at the time. The public takes his learning for granted, and his poetry on trust, and is really interested only in his strange personality. The contrast afforded by the two sides of the man's passionate nature is what really attracts at the present day. The one side he showed to his enemies—or, rather, to all but his friends—violent, impracticable, a fury of indignation out of all proportion to the offence; all which seemed to his friends, when they got a glimpse of it, to be mere harmless bluster. They could only believe in the sweet kindliness of his nature, which alone existed for them under all this outrageous vehemence of invective. This is the view given by Dickens in 'Bleak House'—a charming and most effective portrait of this strange creature, perhaps the only one which exists of the gentle side shown exclusively to his friends. Forster's Life gives the obverse of the medal—the violent explosions, the impracticable dealings with the whole world of Philistines who were not his friends. There is the long story of his dealings with his tenant at Llanthony, beginning with some petty squabble about opening and shutting a gate, but soon growing into a hopeless tangle of exasperation on either side—a quarrel which became too complicated for explanation or arbitration, and in which the angry landlord found consolation in small hits made by his friends:

"I know all your Welsh annoyances, the measureless B.'s," Charles Lamb writes in 1832. "I knew a quarter of a mile of them. Seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender and tell a tale of a shark every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravener not having had his gorge of him! The shortest of the daughters measured five foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Truly, I have discovered the longitude."

It was too bad of Lamb. He knew how to please the old heathen, for he did not himself hate "the measureless B.'s"—at least, one of the sixteen daughters was his honored correspondent. But it is pleasant to remember that though Mr. Boythorn put up fierce notices of mantraps and spring-guns, not only in his plantations, but in his lifelong intercourse with his fellow-men, he quite as vehemently insisted on turning out of his own house, that Dame Durden, the invalid, might take possession of it and be undisturbed—that Landor was ready and willing to sacrifice his own comfort for the good of his friends. 'Bleak House' is not Dickens's best story, and it is quite possible that our grandchildren will prize it most for the two portraits it contains, the one of Walter Savage Landor, taken at his best, and the other, which, if true, is very severe, of Leigh Hunt, under the name of Harold Skimpole.

Correspondence.

A NEWFOUNDLANDER'S PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a speech delivered by Mr. David A. Wells, he is reported to have said:

"The people of Newfoundland are, as a whole, wretchedly poor, and they inhabit one of the poorest, most desolate, and unattractive countries on the face of the globe outside of the polar regions. There is not timber enough on the island to build a good-sized house; its climate is practically eight months winter and four months spring and summer; its agriculture is limited to potatoes and oats."

Newfoundlanders are glad to have so able a man as Mr. Wells on their side, but they do not like his way of clinching his argument. They are not suing *in forma pauperis* for anything. They do not ask for more than justice, and, being an unsophisticated people, they naturally assume that a great nation like the United States has too much self-respect to yield less. Indeed, so far are Newfoundlanders from appealing on the score of the poverty of their resources to the benevolent feelings of Americans, that they indignantly deny that Mr. Wells's description of their country is at all accurate.

The ignorance prevailing in this country regarding Newfoundland is astonishing. Its great size, one would suppose, ought to be enough of itself to make people desirous of learning something reliable about it. But in the school geographies it is dismissed with about a dozen lines, half of which are misleading. Its very name is mispronounced, if Newfoundlanders know the name of their own country; even the index to the American Cyclopædia indicating that the stress of the voice should be upon the first syllable, whereas it properly belongs to the last. And now it appears that an able man may actually go to the island itself, and bring back more misinformation about it than he carried there.

The "eight months winter" is as great an exaggeration as the saying of the Spaniards that Madrid has nine months winter and three months hell. October and May are no more like winter in Newfoundland than in central New York. I recollect going for a swim in the St. John's "Narrows" one first of October. I may add that although there is much variation of temperature in Newfoundland, the changes are not so sudden and violent as they are here, and the range of the thermometer is not so great. S. G. W. Benjamin, who visited several of the Atlantic islands and wrote a book about them, says that any of them (including Newfoundland) has a better climate, from the point of view of one considering health and strength chiefly, than any of the Atlantic coast climates from Maine to Florida. The latter are all more subject to racking variations of temperature than Newfoundland is.

And things grow there, too. Almost every sort of vegetable that I have ever seen will grow to maturity there as well as potatoes, and there is a great variety of berries and the smaller fruits. The strawberries and raspberries grown in Newfoundland are as good as those grown here, and blueberries and huckleberries (the last two called there indiscriminately "hurts") grow to a larger size and are of better flavor than any I have seen elsewhere. If it were true that Newfoundland has no timber trees, it would be some little consolation to know that she could never have a lumber trust. But it is not true. I have myself seen, not twenty miles back of the coast, timber enough to build a city full of good-sized houses. In the interior, as has been recently found true also of Labrador, there are plenty of timber trees. Agriculture is indeed very backward, but the backwardness is not to be attributed to the poverty of the soil, for the soil is not poor well back of the coast, nor to the severity of the climate, for the climate will compare favorably with North American climates in general.

About attractiveness and desolation opinions differ. A straight Chicago street, with its big stores and telegraph poles, would be the abomination of desolation to a Natty Bumppo. The immense number of bays, harbors, hills, lakes, ponds, and streams make the scenery of Newfoundland very picturesque. I have spent many pleasant days in solitudes where there was nothing to break the silence but the leaping of trout, the flight of startled partridges, or the cry of some sea-fowl—voices such as used to give Robert Burns premonitions of immortality. The idea of desolation never once entered my mind while in such places. When the resources of Newfoundland are developed—a desirable thing, I suppose—she will be more attractive to many than she is now, but all the charm of wild nature will vanish away. Why she is unattractive to Mr. Wells as she is now I do not know. Bayard Taylor did not find her so. Perhaps Mr. Wells formed his opinion of the entire country from some such specimen as a lump of chalk from her southern coast would be of England.

There are too many people in this country who, like a certain Senator, profess to care nothing for "abroad," but who are anxious to get a slice of "abroad" when they see a chance of doing so without paying a fair price. Newfoundlanders are heartily glad that Mr. Wells is a very different sort of person, and that even if he has a poor opinion of Newfoundland, he has only good will towards her people. A Newfoundlander myself, it gives me pleasure to know that the *Nation*, with its usual force and fearlessness and contempt for bogus patriotism and false pretences, advocates justice to my countrymen; that it has recognized the great ability of Sir Ambrose Shea, and the service rendered by that statesman to his country on a former occasion of international difficulty, and that it gave a strictly truthful account of Newfoundland in its interesting review of the Rev. M. Harvey's excellent book.

John C. Cozens.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

AN OPEN SECRET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article "Exit Boulanger" contains these words: "Why is it that no more leaders are to be found in French politics? No prize the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences could offer would secure an answer to this question." It seems to me, on the other hand, that the answer is so plain that one is tempted to say, with *Hamlet*, "There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that." In fact, the question is perfectly answered by the remarkable letter of "Observer" which follows it—so perfectly that I can scarcely add anything. This result is owing to what he calls the conversion of Parliamentary Government into government by Parliament, and the whole force of his letter is summed up in one sentence: "Ministry succeeds ministry, until every man, it is anticipated, who has the least capacity for leadership, will soon have been discredited by the futile attempt to exercise what is ridiculously called power."

Government by a chamber, with its majorities and minorities and its committees, kills individuality and leadership, and renders government impossible. But the necessity of leadership has brought out a desperate effort to throw off the disease. The first result is Boulanger, who has failed; but the spectre has, as you say, frightened the Chamber into submission, and Floquet has an easier time than any of his recent predecessors. But this is only momentary. The passions and the anarchy of the Chamber will soon get the upper hand again, and the country will again look to some strong man for relief. No doubt this might and ought to come legitimately. President Carnot, in his provincial tours, has met with the warmest reception. If he would cry aloud and warn the country of the danger, would appeal to the constituencies to notify the members of the Chamber to support his Ministers on penalty of

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losing their seats, and would promise them order and good government on that condition, he might yet play the part and leave the name of a Washington or a Victor Emmanuel. But he will not do that, because he owes his seat to the Chambers. They knew their man too well, and did not intend to have a leader in the Presidency any more than in the Cabinet. And so, no change being possible within constitutional limits, it must come sooner or later outside of them.

"Observer" says: "Nor does this result spring from the supposed mutability of Frenchmen; it arises from the inherent vice of modern parliaments." Exactly, and a living illustration may be found in the Congress of the United States. With very different social and political conditions, it is precisely the same cause which has brought the dominant Republican party from what it was during the war to the condition and "leaders" of to-day. That which in France produced Boulanger has in this country produced James G. Blaine. The anxious question is, whether the cause which is sure to bring new Boulangers is going to entail upon us a series of Blaines. Fortunately, we have a safeguard in this, that the President is elected by the nation. It has saved us once from the Blaine danger, which, though not so threatening an evil, was far more imminent than that from Boulanger. The struggle in this country, as in France, has got to be between Legislature and Executive. For that purpose what is wanted is—not merely for President, but for precedent—a man who has the courage to strike boldly for what he believes to be right. Like yourself, I have been filled with admiration for the courage with which Mr. Cleveland, when he had only to sit still and be reëlected as a matter of course, dared to endanger it by his tariff message. What may not be hoped for from a man like that? What a lesson to the world if a President can appeal directly to a nation upon a purely political question and receive a hearty response.

I shall watch with breathless interest and anxiety to see whether the people of this country will rise to the occasion. G. B.

Boston, August 4, 1888.

A HINT TO THE PRESIDENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one of the Republicans who bolted the party nomination in 1884 for reasons that would induce me to the like course again, I beg that you will give me space enough to suggest that when the President begins to rid the Administration of "the disloyalty to the service, and the insolence, of employees who remain in place as the beneficiaries and the relics and reminders of the old vicious system of appointment" (I am quoting the words of his late message to Congress), he should extend his purification process a little further, and take under his cognizance at least a few of the "beneficiaries" of a "vicious system of appointment" that has had considerable vogue at Washington during the past twelve to eighteen months, who scruple not to insult the President by openly professing their belief that he is merely "humbugging the Mugwumps" by his talk about civil-service reform, or that, if he means it, he is only a "chump." I trust that the Civil-Service Commissioner who lately communicated with the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, and who seems to have influential access to the President, will urge upon the latter that when the crusade for civil-service reform shall begin in the departments at Washington, its vindicatory operations shall not be restricted to the comparatively harmless "relics and reminders," but shall extend also to the fresh and vigorous exponents of "the old vicious system," who are not afraid to preach unceasingly and from the housetops what has been practised in their own behalf. If there was any way by which certain members of the Cabinet could be informed that civil-service reform was the *mot d'ordre* of the Administration, the dispersal of their ignorance of the President's wish and purpose could hardly fail to have a beneficial influence in the ranks below. B.

Washington, D. C., August 3, 1888.

GRANDSIRE AND GRANDSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Forty-eight years ago Gen. William Henry Harrison delivered at Fort Meigs, near the city of Toledo, a noted speech which exercised a very important influence in the election of 1840. The speech is now chiefly remarkable for the vivid contrast it presents to the doctrines which are now maintained by the Republican party under the nominal leadership of a grandson of the speaker, and under the actual leadership of James G. Blaine. Let me make a few quotations to show this contrast, and to throw a strong side-light on the great strides made by the Republican party towards the overthrow of the constitutional system of this country, and the substitution of another which means the exchange of local liberty and self-government for a centralized despotism:

"I have been called a Federalist! . . . That accusation . . . cannot apply to me. . . . I was taught to believe that, sooner or later, that fatal catastrophe to human liberty would take place—that the general Government would swallow up the State governments, and that one department of the Government would swallow up all other departments. . . . See that the Government does not acquire too much power. Keep a check upon your rulers. . . . Power is insinuating. Few men are satisfied with less power than they are able to procure. . . . The Executive of the Union has immense power to do mischief. . . . He may prostrate the country. Indeed, the country has been already prostrated. It has fallen from pure Republicanism to a monarchy in spirit if not in name. . . . *Direct your eye to the Government.* Do that, and your children's children to the latest generation will be as happy and as free as your fathers have been."

But the grandson of the speaker is the man who has voted for the Blair Education Bill—a measure which gives the executive branch of the national Government the beginning of absolute power over the whole system of public education. He is the champion of the tariff system, which involves the power to favor some industries at the expense of others, certain States at the expense of the rest, and individuals at the expense of the entire nation. And, to quote again from the elder Harrison, "I do not know if [Benjamin Harrison] has a throat that can swallow everything [in the way of centralizing legislation]; but I do know that if his measures are carried out, he will lay a foundation for others to do so if he does not."

Charles S. Ashley.

Toledo, July 30, 1888.

Notes.

David Douglas, Edinburgh, will publish Mr. William Winter's Poems in a companion volume to this writer's 'Shakspere's England.'

Harper & Bros. issue this week 'The Land beyond the Forest,' viz., Transylvania, by Mme. E. Gerard; and 'A War-time Wooing,' by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A.

'Americanisms—Old and New' is the title of a work to be published in a limited subscription edition by Thomas Poulter & Sons, London. The compiler is John S. Farmer. American subscriptions will be received by Henry Stevens & Son, 39 Great Russell Street, London, E. C.

A French translation of Prof. Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire,' with a preface by M. Ernest Lavisse, is about to be published in Paris by Armand Colin & Cie.

The eleventh volume of the Wisconsin Historical Society's Collections follows hard upon the tenth, and begins a new series marked by the entire exclusion of the Proceedings heretofore bound up with the Collections. Some of the matters in vol. xi have already been touched upon in these columns, such as Mr. Thwaites's valuable researches on the boundaries of Wisconsin, and Prof. Butler's biographical sketch of Alexander Mitchell, whose portrait forms a frontispiece. Other matters are an exhaustive summary of what is known about Jean Nicolet; a great variety of Western state papers, partly translated from the French, papers from the Canadian archives, etc., etc. Mr. E. W. Keyes's "Early Days in Jefferson County" gives a very good idea of pioneer life.

The "Chetham Society," of Manchester, England, was established in 1843, "for the publication of historical and literary remains connected with the palatine counties of Lancaster and Chester." The new series of its publications commenced in 1883, since which time the Society has issued three volumes a year. The volumes for 1886-87 have just been published. The first of these, vol. xiii, is a bibliography of the works of Dr. John Worthington, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. This is edited by the President of the Society, R. C. Christie, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester. The most important of these works is a translation of the 'De Imitatione Christi,' under the title 'The Christian's Pattern.' Of this translation thirteen editions are specified, from 1654 to 1831. Vol xiv is the 'Coucher Book' (Register Book) of Furness Abbey, Part 3. Part 1 (1884-85) contained the "Furness Domains"; Part 2 (1885-86) the first half of the documents. The present volume begins with No. 340, a "Bull of Protection," by Pope Alexander III., the last document being a Grant by King Henry IV. This Coucher Book is edited by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson. Vol. xv, by the Rev. George T. O. Bridgeman, is Part 1 of the 'History of the Church and Manor of Wigan,' the history being brought down to the reign of James I.

E. J. Brill of Leyden has published the first and second parts of a classified list of all simple and compound cuneiform ideographs, occurring in texts hitherto published, with their Assyro-Babylonian equivalents and phonetic values compiled by Rudolph E. Brünnow, Ph.D. At present every Assyrian student who desires to conduct original investigations is under the necessity of compiling a sign list for himself, and it was to save this energy and divert it to some more useful field that Dr. Brünnow was induced to undertake the laborious task of making a cuneiform sign concordance. The system of arrangement is good, and the book (which is a reproduction of the author's manuscript) presents a clear and pleasing appearance.

The sixth of Mr. W. M. Griswold's "Cumulative Indexes" is just out, being an 'Index to *Harper's Weekly*' for the thirty years 1857-1887. Though relating only to the text, it serves to a large extent, from the nature of the case, as a clue to illustrations—to portraits most surely of all, and then to places and events. Thus, the title "Wrecks, etc.," with

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its long list of vessels, will certainly be found to cover more or less authentic delineations in black and white. So of "War-vessels," "Railways," "Riots," "Floods," "Earthquakes," "Mississippi," "Hospitals," "Churches," etc., etc. The compiler's address is East Capitol Station, Washington, D. C.

"The Tariff—Protection and Free Trade" is the subject of the third number of the *Bibliographer and Reference List* (Buffalo: Moulton, Wenborne & Co.), and the genuine interest now awakened in economic discussion ought to create an active demand for this guide to self-instruction.

The Division of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture has begun a periodical bulletin, called *Insect Life*, for the speedy dissemination of odds and ends of information of a practical sort. The first number contains a scientific description, with engravings, of the corn-feeding syrphus-fly, and the willow-shoot saw-fly, with an account of their devastations; a report of the sugar-cane beetle injuring corn; extracts from correspondence, and notes, full of suggestions for the farmer.

The June number of *Appalachia* is readable to an unusual degree and has several fine illustrations. Mr. Percival Lowell tells, with characteristic lightness and agreeableness of style, of a visit to the Japanese volcano Shirane San, of which he lends a heliotype view with other local pictures. Another excellent narrative in a less poetic vein is Mr. F. H. Chapin's "Ascent of Long's Peak," a mountain mass which, as one may see, far surpasses in beauty and sublimity of outline the Shirane San, while it can boast of a sheer precipice of 2,000 feet "as smooth as the side of Bunker Hill monument," and hardly rivalled except by the Yosemite walls. There are other interesting papers, and the usual reports.

Some inscriptions found on the Acropolis of Athens, and probably relating to thank-offerings of freedmen acquitted of the charge of having violated the conditions of their emancipation, are discussed with learning by Mr. Carl D. Buck in the *American Journal of Archæology* for June. The Rev. W. H. Ward interprets two striking Hittite bas-reliefs photographed by the Wolfe Expedition at Carchemish-Jerablûs. One had been imperfectly figured before on wood in another journal.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Saint Anne" is the subject of a study in *L'Art* for July 1 (Macmillan). M. Eugène Müntz, we need hardly add, is the writer, and he provides a large number of sketches exhibiting the conception of the masterpiece. The main illustration of the number, however, is an etching after Paul Delaroche's "Princes in the Tower." M. Paul Leroi censures the awards at the late Salon, and contends for a reform which shall completely remove the Government from interference with the exhibitions. Leave these in the hands of the artists, he says, and there will be an immediate reduction in the number of canvases admitted, with a corresponding improvement in their quality. The State may still buy, as now, for the public museums, but that should be its only appearance upon the scene. Another writer remarks the diminishing importance of the architectural exhibit, and suggests such regulation as will lead to the making of competitive studies expressly for the Salon.

We are notified that the leading American etchers have formed a society for the elevation of their art, as well as to regulate the limitation of editions, "each publication by the members of the Society being guaranteed by the stamp of the Society of American Etchers, in the same way as English prints are protected by the printsellers' stamp." Thomas Moran is President, and C. Y. Turner Secretary. The Society's address is No. 19 E. Sixteenth St.

Something of genuine antiquity attaches to the circumstance of the 125th anniversary of an endowed school in this country, established on land held by the founder's ancestors first after the aborigines relinquished it. Such is the case with Dummer Academy in the parish of Byfield (Newbury), in Essex County, Mass., which was opened on March 1, 1763, and has never ceased to contribute its yearly quota to the ranks of liberally educated men. In the Dummer stock, as we learn from the address of Mr. W. D. Northend, the famous Judge Sewall, the poet Longfellow, and President Cleveland —with many other personages of distinction— unite as kinsmen.

Suggestive of changed fashion is the list of novels taken at least twenty-five times from the St. Louis Public Library in March last. We quote from the current *Library Journal:* 'Ben-Hur,' 87; 'Scarlet Letter,' 42; 'Anna Karénina,' 40; 'Les Misérables,' 37; 'Ivanhoe,' 33; 'Vanity Fair,' 31; 'April Hopes,' 28; . . . 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 27; . . . 'David Copperfield,' 25; 'Count of Monte Cristo,' 25.

By the courtesy of Mr. Nagayo Sensai, Director of the Central Sanitary Bureau of the Home Department of Japan, we have received in a pamphlet a 'Brief Review' of the operations of that Department in connection with the cholera epidemic of the nineteenth year of Meiji (1886). This is a history of the progress of that epidemic and of the hygienic measures for its control taken by the Government. It is a very interesting paper, and is accompanied by beautifully executed maps of Tokio and Osaka, and by copious numerical tables. We have had occasion previously to refer to the remarkable example that Japan sets the world in the organization of this Central Sanitary Bureau, and we quote the last paragraph of the introduction to the review to show that, in appreciation of the etiology of the disease, the Bureau is familiar with Western teachings:

"The reason that the epidemic of this last year prevailed so violently in spite of all the precautionary means used, including inspection and disinfection as systematic and as thorough as was possible, was owing to the impurity of the drinking water and the filthy state of the country. It is quite important, of course, to pay attention to the preservation of health, and to carry out the measures for inspection and disinfection properly at the time of epidemics, but the greatest efficacy of the measures of prevention cannot be attained until some strict measures are taken to insure purity of the drinking water and efficiency of construction of the sewers and other drains."

We are glad to learn and to announce that the new State Atlas of New Jersey, just completed, is to be put on sale by the sheet and in sets. The uniform price is twenty-five cents each, and this sum covers cost of transmission. Applications, with prepayment, should be made to Mr. Irving S. Upson, New Brunswick, N. J.

—In the midsummer *Century* Mr. Kennan holds the first place, both by his not very successful portrait and the sketch of his career, as well as by an excellent Siberian paper. He describes with telling simplicity the first political exiles he met, cultivated young fellows guilty of no wrong; but a different and novel interest belongs to his journey through the little known Altaic region of torrid deserts and icy Alps, which he narrates with the zest of a mountaineer. The personal sketch of him shows us a man with a story, and affords a fine example of an American career. In the Lincoln biography Grant comes to the front, and there is an excellent opportunity for a careful reader to observe how intently Lincoln watched the military situation, and how close his criticism of it was. The most notable war-episode, however, which this number brings, is Lee's very remarkable letter upon the project of arming the slaves. He says plainly that only necessity would lead him to interfere with that beneficent institution of which he thought so highly, "the relation of master and slave, controlled by humane laws, and influenced by Christianity, and an enlightened public sentiment"; but necessity had come, in January, 1865, and it seemed to him a mere choice between using the negroes on the Southern side or allowing the North all the advantage of this resource. As to their fitness for such use he entertained no doubt: "I believe that with proper regulations they can be made efficient soldiers. They possess the physical qualifications in an eminent degree. Long habits of obedience and subordination, coupled with the moral influence which in our country the white man possesses over the black, furnish an excellent foundation for that discipline which is the best guarantee of military efficiency." This was to be a free army, however; and to insure fidelity Lee proposed to free their families also at the end of the war, and give a bounty with permission to reside at the South, and he suggested and advised also the adoption of a plan of "gradual and general emancipation." If the war lasted, slavery was certain to be destroyed; and, therefore, Lee argued that the South should get what good it could from the negroes by abandoning slavery on the best terms to be made with the inevitable. But what a programme this was: armed negroes, free negroes residing in the South, emancipation! The States that had seceded to save slavery would now abandon slavery to save secession! Here was a piece of that historical irony which preaches the subjection of man to his interests in terms almost too gross. The attempt to steal Lincoln's emancipation thunder, as a war-measure for the South, did not succeed: and in three months from the date of this letter the war was over. We have no space to notice other articles, by Cable, Prof. Holden, and Dr. Abbott, all of which are solid and useful, or the account of that curious survival, a Trappist monastery in Kentucky, of which the author gives mainly a sentimental impression; he would naturally find the brothers uncommunicative.

—About four years ago we reviewed an excellent set of chronological tables for modern history, by Prof. John Nichol of Glasgow (Macmillan). A revised edition of the present year enlarges the tables by the addition of two columns—for science and invention and for art—and adds also four tables of American history. These last are, on the whole, compiled with good judgment, although the column of literature and art contains several names which we never heard of before, and—as is almost invariably the case in English publications—we find some rather wild spellings of proper names, *e. g.*, J. Quincey Adams, U. Grant, R. W. Hayes, J. Garfield; and S. Cleveland among the Presidents. The very first date in the very first table perpetuates that inveterate blunder, *Septimus Severus*. The tables, we should note, begin with Gibbon, with the end of the second century of the Christian era. Almost, but not quite, supplementing Mr. Nichol's tables are the 'Chronological Tables of Ancient History,' by Rev. A. C. Jennings (Macmillan). Why they should end with the Christian era we cannot see. These tables, like the others, are arranged upon the plan of parallel columns, with an irregular number of years on each page, varying with the abundance or scarcity of data. The columns are six in number: political history, Jewish church history, wars, etc., biography

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and topography, inventions, etc., laws, etc.—not, on the whole, a very satisfactory arrangement. Military stands in so close connection with political history, as together making up the substance of what is given by most historians, that it is rather inconvenient to find "Athens refuses overtures from Mardonius" separated from "Athens occupied by Mardonius" by "Esther made queen by Ahasuerus" (marked as a doubtful date). Again, legislation is so closely related to political history that we have a great deal of such repetition as, "Solon changes Athenian oligarchy to a timocracy," and "Solon legislates at Athens," etc. On the whole, we should prefer to have separate but parallel columns for Greek, Roman, and Oriental history; at any rate, it is hard to see why "Jehoiakim *d* by violence" comes under the head of *church* history rather than *Wars, popular movements, catastrophes*. Here we have one nation with a column to itself. The work seems to be generally accurate. On pages 30 and 31 we have twice *Volens* for *Volero*; on page 44, *Sextus* for *Sextius;* page 55, *Valeriana* for *Valeria;* page 85, *Crassas* for *Crassus*. Under the year B. C. 46, it is stated that Mauretania was made a Roman province, which did not take place until A. D. 40. B. C. 492 we have the institution of the *Comitia Tributa!* In regard to the Decemvirate there is a strange confusion: 449 Decemviri deposed; 448 Decemvirate abolished, consulate and tribunate restored; 446 the *Tribunitia potestas* renewed. Under the date 373 we find the comical-sounding entry, "Cir Jonathan H. Priest *son*," but we look in vain for any possible father, unless it be Jehoiada, High Priest about 430. Again, what *Duumviri* were Lucius and Caius Cæsar in B. C. 63?

—Prof. Albert S. Cook, whose rendition of the second edition of Sievers's 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar' we noted a few months ago, still continues his good work. This time it comes to us in the shape of an exhaustive edition of the Anglo-Saxon poem of 'Judith.' (Boston: Heath & Co.) An introduction of seventy-two pages treats of the conjectured origin (sources) of the poem, its literary features, its grammar and prosody, and some minor points. The editor's opinions on the origin of the poem are summed up at page xxiii. He holds that it was, or at least may have been, composed about 856, in honor of the historic Judith of France, then recently married to the Wessex King, Athelwulf, and also to commemorate the (temporary) release of England from Danish invasion. Swithhun, Bishop of Winchester, is even credited with the composition. This hypothesis we can scarcely accept. If, as is generally believed, and as Cook himself asserts (p. ix), "the mixture of dialectic forms seems to indicate that a northern original passed through one or more hands, and that the last scribe, at all events, belonged to the late West Saxon period," how can we reconcile this *northern* original with a Wessex author? Besides, were matters in 856 in such a shape as to inspire an *epinikion* and *epithalamion?* We doubt it, despite Prof. Cook's enthusiasm. The 'Battle of Maldon' shows us plainly how the English felt and wrote when fighting the Danes. In grammar and metre, the editor gets upon safer ground. We may trust the translator of Sievers for knowing his teacher's principles. We regret, however, that in treating metre Prof. Cook has departed from Sievers's A, B, C, D, E classification. This had the merit of simplicity, and of not committing one's self to other systems, whereas Prof. Cook's resumption of terms such as iambic, trochaic, dactylic, suggests at least classical conceptions which Sievers sedulously avoided.

—The Glossary is an exhaustive concordance, and prepared with exceeding care. By the way, is the length of *árod* certain? *Wyrm-sele* should be translated 'worm-hall'='hell,' rather than 'dragon hall.' The passage is plainly a reflex of Mark ix, 44. The list of Verbal Correspondences between 'Judith' and other poems will be very useful to every one. The list of Kennings will be practically useful for the study of style; but, in principle, it is founded upon what seems to us too broad a use of the term kenning. Prof. Cook uses it for synonym, trope, periphrase — in short, for whatever is not direct speech. We should prefer restricting it (*a*) to such conventionalisms as "the battle-snake on the hawk-perch"="the sword in the hand"; (*b*) to such traditional phrases as "Ymir's skull"="heaven." The point is not unimportant; it is, in truth, the turning-point of Icelandic court poetry. This latter is written in a jargon of its own, made up of *Kenningar* like the above. One must be initiated before he can understand a single stanza, whereas the figurative terms here summed up from 'Judith' are one and all self-explanatory. Similar ones have been used by poets in all times and tongues. In this connection we suggest that 'enemy' is scarcely an adequate rendering of "eald-fynd," "eald-hettende," etc. The word means 'devil,' and is better rendered by the English 'fiend' than the German 'Feind.' The translation, made by five of Prof. Cook's pupils, but revised by him, will be of help. The greatest attention has been paid to the text. It is based upon a facsimile of the MS., aided by the collations of Sievers, Cosijn, and Sweet, and the labors of all previous editors. It is by far the most scholarly effort in this field that America has yet put forth. We regret only that the editor has not given us the entire facsimile, instead of merely the sample, verses 55-69. Let us hope that the rapid sale of this first edition may encourage him to do for 'Judith' what Zupitza has done for 'Beowulf.'

—The July Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society contains an account of Fernando de Noronha. This island, which lies about 200 miles northeast of Pernambuco, is interesting from the fact that, being a Brazilian convict station and consequently inaccessible to travellers, its natural history was almost unknown. Last year, at the request of the Emperor himself, Mr. H. N. Ridley of the British Museum, and the Rev. T. S. Lea, the author of the paper, spent six weeks upon the island, during which time they were able to explore it thoroughly, and to make valuable collections of its fauna and flora. Among these were many specimens of species new to science, one being "of a plant so strange that its very order seems uncertain." The expedition was well-timed, as the endemic vegetation appears to be rapidly disappearing before that introduced by man. Mr. Lea suggests that the island is the ancient vent of a volcano. The population numbers about two thousand, of whom fourteen hundred are convicts—negroes, Indians, and half-breeds—mostly there for murder. The system of government "seems almost unique in its excellence," an assertion apparently borne out by the fact that "we never saw any of the officials carrying any weapon whatever." The convicts are divided, according to their behavior, into classes, in the first of which all of their time is their own, in the others a part only. A striking scene is at evening parade, when a hymn to the Virgin is sung. The Foreign Office contributes a lively report of an exciting journey by Mr. H. H. Johnston, the well-known traveller, up the Cross River from Old Calabar, among inveterate cannibals. He was many times in great danger, but succeeded in escaping, through the exercise of great tact and forbearance, without firing a shot. At one town a chief presented him with "a necklace of human knuckle-bones"; at another, "even little children armed themselves with matchets and knives, and, standing ankle-deep in water, shrieked out how they would like to eat us." Mr. Fred. Jeppe gives a rather dry account of the "Kaap Gold-Fields of the Transvaal," which show evident signs of having been worked by a white race in ancient times, whether Phœnicians, as some assert, or Portuguese, as others are inclined to believe, is still a matter of doubt.

MR. LOWELL'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Political Essays. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

MR. LOWELL has done what probably no one else in the country who has written as much would have the courage to do—collected and republished a dozen of his political essays covering a period of twenty years, beginning with a philippic against the cowardice of the American Tract Society in 1858, and ending with an eloquent description of the place of the "Independent in Politics," in 1888. When one remembers the variety of experiences with which that period has been crowded, the number of political prophets whom it has brought to naught, the number of political sages whom it has stripped of their wisdom, and exposed to the scorn or pity of the younger generation, he needs to be thrice armed who steps into the arena, as Mr. Lowell has done, laden with "back numbers," and challenges the criticism of all comers for the doubts and fears, and hopes and expectations, of half a lifetime. The challenge is the more remarkable because we think it may be said that he has been far better known to the American public during the past thirty years as a poet and literary man than as a political philosopher or observer. The 'Biglow Papers' were full of political shrewdness, it is true, but those who witnessed their beginnings ascribed Mr. Lowell's excursions into politics more to philanthropic horror of slavery than to interest in the art of government. It was not until the war broke out that he really made his appearance as a political observer, and we are inclined to think the Hayes Administration, in offering him the Spanish mission, intended it mainly as a compliment to American letters, and that when Mr. Evarts was giving him his instructions, he did not realize he was talking to a man who was his master in every branch of politics except law, and yet this was the simple and literal truth. The essays before us make this plain enough to any one who has paid any attention to the public utterances of the two men.

The article on "The American Tract Society" is a sermon in elementary morals preached to a religious association. It is mainly interesting now as a memorial of Mr. Lowell's courage in evil days. That it should have been necessary to make such an exposition of Christian duty to an organization devoted to the work of spreading the Gospel, is a kind of thing which history never satisfactorily explains. It is one of the phenomena of human society which only contemporary observers can understand, like the intolerance of Marcus Aurelius, or the belief in witchcraft of Cotton Mather or Judge Sewall. Most of the discussions carried on thirty years ago with the Biblical pro-slavery

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men read now like some of the oldest pieces of modern literature. Mr. Lowell's voice, as he traverses the proposition that "slavery is of divine ordination and its bases laid in the nature of man," and supports himself by citing the fate of the Ptolemaic astronomy at the hands of Galileo, seems to reach us from afar, through endless "corridors of time." It is the essays on the various phases of the civil war, beginning with the election of 1860, and ending with the reconstruction of 1866, which give us the measure of his capacity as a political philosopher and observer. As we have said already, we do not know of any public man who lived through those times whose speeches or writings would say so much for his sagacity and the soundness of his judgment. For we must all admit they were times in which the wisest found it almost impossible to avoid saying foolish things, and the ablest to avoid indulgence in quackery. Mr. Lowell may well be gratified, therefore, as he observes in his preface, to find that he "was able to keep his head fairly clear of passion when his heart was at boiling point."

In reading through the essays on the Rebellion, including under this head that on Gen. McClellan's Reports, and that on the Lincoln-McClellan election, we find only two points in which Mr. Lowell was mistaken; and his mistake in these cases was shared, we think, by every observer of prominence at the North—we mean the readiness of the Southerners to fight, and their courage and tenacity after the fighting began. There was hardly any Northerner in this part of the world who did not apply to the South the old adage that bullies and braggarts are cowards, and that if faced boldly they were sure to back down; and yet in the whole list of adages there is not one which derives less support from experience. We believe the rule to be that bullies and braggarts are brave, and that the proverbial doubt about their courage is due simply to the éclat which attends the occasional collapse of a person so obnoxious and unpopular as a hector is sure to be. The Southerners did themselves injustice as soldiers and statesmen through their lack of literary culture. They boasted themselves like Montenegrins or Albanians, while really possessing an admirable talent for organization whether in war or peace, and as great powers of protracted effort as any people in the world.

Where Mr. Lowell shines most is in his clear presentation, through the cloudy and bewildering days of 1860-61, of the real issue between the North and South, and his masterful exposure of the folly and futility of the various schemes of compromise, avoidance, or postponement, with which the air was full until after the Seven Days before Richmond. To him "the election in November [1860], whatever its result, was to settle for many years to come the question whether the American idea was to govern this continent, whether the Occidental or Oriental theory of society was to mould our future." In the following year (1861), he was equally sure "that the United States are a nation, and not a mass meeting; that theirs is a government and not a caucus—a government that was meant to be capable, and is capable, of something more than the helpless *please don't* of the village constable; that they have executive and administrative officers that are not mere puppet figures to go through the motions of an objectless activity, but arms and hands that become supple to do the will of the people, so soon as that will becomes conscious and defines its purpose." In 1864 he said that "war means now, consciously with many, unconsciously with most, but inevitably, abolition. Nothing can save slavery but peace. Let its doom be once accomplished, . . . and the bond between the men at the South who were willing to destroy the Union, and those at the North who only wish to save it for the sake of slavery, will be broken. . . . The mass of the Southern people will not feel too keenly the loss of a kind of property in which they had no share, while it made them underlings, nor will they find it hard to reconcile themselves with a government from which they had no real cause of estrangement. If the war be waged manfully, as becomes a thoughtful people, without insult or childish triumph in success, if we meet opinion with wiser opinion, waste no time in badgering prejudice till it become hostility, and attack slavery as a crime against the nation, and not as an individual sin, *it will end, we believe, in making us the most powerful and prosperous community the world ever saw.*"

The review of McClellan's Report, in 1864, is the best example in the collection of Mr. Lowell's powers of political discussion. Nothing could be happier or more acute than his definition of the relation either of a successful or unsuccessful military commander to the civil government which he serves, or keener than his analysis of Gen. McClellan's character as a strategist, and of his own explanation of his operations. There was much that was trying in McClellan's position. He organized the great army that was raised at Washington, and his success in this, and the eulogy it called forth, would readily have turned stronger heads than his. Moreover, he was dealing with civil superiors who naturally showed the doubts, uncertainties, and timidities of the great public behind them, and communicated them to the army through the very air of the camp. It was not wonderful that under these circumstances a second-rate general should have felt the politician in him getting the better of the soldier, and that he should, unconsciously perhaps, have come to think the government of his own country a more pressing, as it was apparently an easier, task than the destruction of the enemy. Mr. Lowell's description of this state of mind, of the steps which led to it, and the absurdities which it involved, are admirable specimens both of political and military criticism.

The closing article, on "The Place of the Independent in Politics," is still fresh in the minds of our readers, and was discussed in these columns when it was delivered. Any one who reaches it through the volume before us will miss the triumphant note of the preceding essays, and will, perhaps, find it a reason for believing that Mr. Lowell, in writing about the war and its effects, was animated by more enthusiasm than he imagined. He has lived to see the dull days which are sure to follow every revolutionary epoch, when the heroes are dead and the great memories are waxing faint, and a new generation has come on the stage which is still uncertain what use to make of the glory won for it by its fathers, or what duties it imposes. But he readily finds in the situation a hundred lessons for those who have reaped the fruits without sharing the sacrifices of the war, and extracts, as hardly any other living writer can, from the very disappointments and shortcomings of the restored Union, new reasons for patriotic toil and endeavor.

HARRISON'S OLIVER CROMWELL.—I.

Oliver Cromwell. By Frederic Harrison. [Twelve English Statesmen.] Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has performed a noteworthy achievement: he has produced what will (it may be anticipated) be for a long time the popular account of Cromwell's career. Mr. Harrison's book is "popular" in the good, not in the bad sense of that term. It tells ordinary readers the facts which men who are not historians, but who care for history, want to know about the Protector, and it tells these facts in a style which is clear, striking, and unaffected, and therefore preëminently readable. The deficiencies of Mr. Harrison's treatise are almost forced upon the writer by the nature of his task. A contributor to a series, he was compelled to observe the narrow limits of the space assigned to him. You cannot write a life within the number of pages which suffice for an essay. As, again, he had undertaken to write one among a set of biographies intended for general reading, he was obliged to consult the taste of the general reader. We should certainly have preferred to hear more about Cromwell's constitutions, even at the sacrifice of a description of Marston Moor or of Naseby. But we have no reason to suppose that the thousands in England and America who read the Statesmen Series share our tastes, and, after all, the legitimate object of the series is to provide for the mass of intelligent readers an account of Cromwell which they will care to read, and a picture of the Protector which they may be able to remember.

May it not further be fairly said that the one other fault in Mr. Harrison's book which fair criticism need notice is also imposed upon him by the nature of his task? His treatise is too much of a eulogy; but a writer must be wanting in some of the qualities which go to make up a good biographer if he can study such a striking and massive character as Cromwell's without coming under the influence of the great Puritan statesman. Seldom is a good life of a man written by one not his admirer; and as long as an author aims, as Mr. Harrison always does, at perfect fairness, there is no reason either for wonder or for censure if capacity for impartial criticism of his hero is a trifle blunted by a tendency towards hero-worship. If we regret the presence of this tendency in Mr. Harrison, our regret is caused not by any idea that admiration for Cromwell inspires him with a kind of unfairness to a hero's opponents which vitiates the writings of Carlyle and his school, but because it prevents our author from dwelling on some of the aspects of Cromwell's career which, just because they call for criticism rather than either for eulogy or for censure, are in reality the most deserving of careful attention.

Yet, if Mr. Harrison fails to a certain extent on the critical side of his work, his clear and vigorous narrative suggests instructive criticism on the Protector's career. No one can read this last life of the Puritan leader without feeling that Cromwell's successes and Cromwell's failures suggest two questions or problems which are very closely connected with each other. What was the character of the man? What was the real scope of his policy?

No student of average intelligence can at the present day fancy that the Protector was a hypocrite who masked ambition under the pretence of religious faith. But to acquit Cromwell of hypocrisy is rather to increase than to diminish the difficulty of understanding the sentiment of distrust excited by him in men of all parties. For it cannot, we think, be in fairness denied that when the Protector lay on his deathbed, there was scarcely a statesman with whom he had acted who was not more or less estranged, and did not feel himself more or less deceived. Cavaliers, Presbyterians, Republicans, even Cromwell's own generals, all had some ground of complaint. It is vain to suppose that the charge of hypocrisy, baseless though it was, could have been believed not only by the mass of the people, but by men of sound sense and keen observation, unless there

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had been something in Cromwell's character which gave it plausibility. The old rule of pleading, that, in some cases, you cannot dispose of an opponent's allegation simply by denying its truth, but that you must "show color," *i. e.*, explain the grounds which may give rise to his misconception, is a principle of at least as much importance in solving questions of history as in dealing with questions of law. If an error is to be fully exposed, you must explain its origin. The causes of disbelief in Cromwell's sincerity were in the main two-fold. They are to be found partly in the peculiarities of his nature, partly in the peculiarities of his political position.

Hero-worshippers often appear to hold that to prove the sincerity of Cromwell's religious belief is much the same thing as establishing not only the honesty but the straightforwardness of his conduct. Yet in plain truth religious fervor not only is compatible with a want of directness, simplicity, and honesty in action, but is closely allied with a certain subtlety and tortuousness of intellect and of feeling which are apt to result in courses of action that betray a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent. To account for the fact that genuine piety and the habit of measuring the worldly transactions of the day with reference to the actor's belief in the principles governing another and better world lead, if not to dishonesty, yet to modes of speaking and acting which to the outer world seem wanting in candor, would involve a lengthy and difficult analysis of the most subtle of human feelings. That, however, spiritual enthusiasm does not of itself dictate to those under its influence plain and simple dealing with their fellow-men, is proved by all the history of religious movements. One can see in Cromwell's case, at any rate, some of the causes which turn zealots into casuists. He had to lead enthusiasts and men of the world; he was compelled, however honest his intentions, to use two languages. The tone in which he addressed his Puritan friends and his Puritan soldiers was certain to be somewhat different from the tone in which he spoke to cool-headed lawyers and scheming politicians. This difference of tone does not argue the speaker's disbelief in his religious professions. To a certain extent it is almost forced on every religious leader who has dealings with men of the world. The late Lord Shaftesbury was as honest a man as ever lived; we should, however, conjecture that his conversation with Lord Palmerston was unconsciously rather different in tone from his conversation with Mr. Spurgeon. A necessity, further, for speaking in two tongues by degrees affects the speaker's own mind. Cromwell, when seeking for the Lord in the midst of his Ironsides, was a different man from Cromwell debating constitutional questions with Whitelocke, or from Cromwell trying if possible for some basis of negotiation with Charles.

An enthusiast, moreover, who is compelled to perform the part of a statesman, suffers from the unconscious blending of his religion and his statesmanship. This evil was intensified in the case of Cromwell by his avowed belief that outward success, and especially success in battle, was the sign and proof of God's favor. His own successes were to him the bona-fide justification of his policy. He was, indeed, a master, within certain limits, of statecraft. But immediate political success gave him no satisfaction unless he could feel in his own mind that the course he pursued was approved by Heaven. One mark of the Divine sanction was success. Another was the sympathy of good men—that is to say, of the men whom Cromwell bona fide believed to be the chosen children of God. Mr. Harrison has brought out admirably the reality of Cromwell's desire for the sympathy of ardent Puritans. His attitude in this matter may be compared to the position of many modern Liberals in respect to the will of the people. A Liberal statesman feels that his knowledge exceeds that of his followers. He knows that public opinion is often wrong; he knows that it is his duty to oppose popular error, and at times he opposes it. But he cannot be happy unless public opinion, the voice of the people, the great heart of the masses, is with him. This desire for popular sympathy arises from the only half-acknowledged belief that the ultimate judgment of the people is in some sense the voice of Heaven. Our modern statesman plays tricks with this oracle. Views opposed to his own are, he thinks, not really countenanced by the people. There is a difference between public opinion and the opinion of the part of the public who happen to support the policy of our statesman's opponents. In any case, he knows by a sort of faith that public opinion will at last be found in his favor, and he spares no arts to bias the jury whose verdict he wishes to gain. So, apparently, it was with Cromwell with regard to the opinion of the saints. He wished with his whole heart that "good men" should approve his course. His deference for their sentiment was real. The two most important of his political actions were dictated, and in his own mind we may suppose morally justified, by his respect for enthusiasts whose beliefs he shared, and whose approval he desired. The execution of Charles and the refusal of the crown were each apparently dictated by genuine respect for the opinions of the good men who had risked their lives in the Lord's quarrel. How much there was of policy in this deference no human being can tell. But knowledge of human nature suggests that a genuine desire for the good opinion of good men had at least as much influence on Cromwell's conduct at the crises of his career as any ideas of statesmanship. The sentiment of the saints seemed to him to reflect the will of God.

But this very respect for the opinion of zealous Puritans of itself fostered, if not duplicity, yet what we may call doubleness of mind. Cromwell knew the language and the sentiments likely to conciliate an army of zealots, and he undoubtedly used language which, while it was natural to himself, suited the taste of his followers, and, when dealing with the army, brought into prominence that part of his character with which his Puritan soldiers could sympathize. He, too, like our modern statesmen, must have often been conscious that the "public opinion" which he respected was liable to error. He, too, played tricks with his oracle. He tried to bring round the sentiments of the army to his own views. As his age and experience increased, his ideas of policy expanded, and possibly, though this is not certain, his religious fervor cooled. In any case, he was more and more compelled to act with design. In his acts, in his words, in his policy, he had to consider the principles or prejudices of the army and, what was a very different thing, the principles or prejudices of the nation.

We can hardly wonder if religious faith which was sincere was tainted with casuistry, and subtlety of policy was marred by some of the unscrupulosity of statecraft. For, after all, Cromwell's political position has at least as much to do as have the peculiarities of his nature with those charges of his insincerity which, for more than two centuries, have detracted from his fame. His attitude is more intelligible to men of this generation than it was to men of the eighteenth century, who were devoid of the instruction which the modern world has gained from the records of a century of revolutions. Cromwell, in spite of the burning religious enthusiasm which made him the friend and ally of fanatics and sectaries, belonged at bottom to a class of statesmen of whom the last fifty years have produced striking examples. He was a conservative revolutionist; he belongs to the family of Cavour, of Deák, and of Bismarck. He was one of those men, in short, who have tried to carry through a great change without using the methods of anarchists and fanatics. Of the extent to which the spirit of a conservative revolutionist is the mark of his policy, we may say something in another article. For our present purpose, the point which deserves notice is that a statesman who uses revolutionary forces to effect a great change, and at the same time attempts to preserve the institutions of his country from destruction, is certain to incur, with more or less of justice, the charge of duplicity. An opportunist will never receive credit for sincerity. To cavaliers, Cromwell was the sectary who had murdered the King. To zealous republicans, he was the traitor who had destroyed the commonwealth in order that he might assume the crown. Combined complexity of character and ambiguity of policy rendered Cromwell, even to his contemporaries, the most incomprehensible of statesmen. The leader whom Englishmen do not understand they may admire, but they will never trust.

RECENT NOVELS.

Summer Legends. By Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

Two Men. By Elizabeth Stoddard. Cassell & Co.

The Steel Hammer. By Louis Uhlbach. Translated from the French by E. W. Latimer. D. Appleton & Co.

Lajla: A Tale of Finmark. By Prof. J. A. Friis. Translated from the Norwegian by Ingirid Markhus. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In 'Summer Legends' we have a collection of charming little fairy stories from the pen of Rudolph Baumbach, a Thuringian poet, now living in Leipzig. These tales have had a wide circulation in Germany, which is not surprising, since they are full of the aroma of those forests where Easter hares run about, and where gnomes and fairies dwell, visible on Midsummer's day, and ready to bestow their favors on mortals in perplexity. But it is not only the fairy-story lover at the back of every brain that will be gratified by the 'Summer Legends'; he who loves a nineteenth-century barb for his magic arrow, will find that, too, in the pungent satire which Baumbach, as an observer of to-day, cannot escape, and as a poet of nature cannot help wrapping in field-flowers, wood-mosses, and mist-wreaths. Poetry, whether in prose or verse, is clearly the author's field. The few stories which describe student life are the least attractive in the volume. The real charm of the book is felt when we see the "meadow-sprite sitting on a bright yellow marigold, kicking his little legs for joy," the water sprite playing on his violin among the reeds till "the birds in the trees were silent, the bees stopped humming, and the fishes raised their heads out of the pond to listen to the sweet sounds"; the stork, who "clapped his bill together with joy"; the upspringing of a "little flower with eyes of heavenly blue." The flower has since spread over the whole land, and for those who do not know its name

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this story was not written." Not less attractive is the solemnity with which the poet himself enters into every fairy superstition. Thus, "on holy Midsummer Day," says he, gravely, "one should not make sport of such things in the forest"; and of the little old women of the wood: "Nothing hurts the little creatures more than to have their gait made fun of." And again: "For a bell, nothing is harder than to be obliged to keep silent at the feast of the Resurrection." The "Ass's Spring" is a clever little satire, the "Easter Rabbit" a story which children will delight in, "The Water of Youth" and the "Beech Tree" exquisitely tender poems in prose.

The book, then, will charm many moods of young and old, to whom the verses which serve as a prologue will prove a fitting key to a "box where sweets compacted lie." It is impossible not to be reminded once more, in reading these graceful and clever stories, as one has often been reminded before in German literature and German art, that the line between the poetic and the grotesque is more faintly marked than with other nations. Rudolph Baumbach's water sprite, who plays on his violin till the fishes raise their heads out of the pond to listen, is made by his unscrupulous creator to do it as a reward to the barber's apprentice, who had "combed and oiled his hair till it was as smooth as silk; then he parted his hair evenly from his brow to the nape of his neck, took off the apron, and made a bow as his master had taught him." The translation is made in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit, and, on the whole, gracefully, though disfigured here and there by such phrases as "she related, too, about the sleeping man," "at school he was, frankly, none of the best," "a doleful Madonna," etc. But these are crumplings in the rose-leaves which cannot spoil their fragrance, nor make us less debtors to the hand that has gathered them.

The reader of 'Two Men' will find that he has lighted upon no ordinary novel. He will read it eagerly for its interest, slowly for its fulness, and he will lend it to those among his friends who have a sense for the uncommon, an ear for rare and fine melody, an eye for nature's scale of color, a soul to which nothing that is human is foreign. By a majority of readers Mrs. Stoddard's book will be called "queer" and nothing more, and truly nothing is easier than to find fault with its angularities, abruptnesses, its needlessly sphinx-like wording. The Muse has indeed put on oddly fashioned habiliments, her gait is uncouth, her gestures are prim and dry; but do but speak with her—her words are those of a prophetess. Is it a Muse, this practical New England woman whose story lies equally in the woods and the kitchen, whose cake-making goes on at the same time with the plucking out of men's and women's souls and holding them in the light? It is precisely this mingling of the homely and the awful which gives 'Two Men' its quality. The rude New England sea-coast life, with all its austerities, bears the relation to the character of the book which the moors of Yorkshire do to Charlotte Brontë's genius. It is impossible not to regret that destiny silenced Mrs. Stoddard's pen many years ago, impossible not to believe that work as great as this is impressive might have crowned a persistent practice. Mr. Stedman, in his appreciative preface, truly observes that it is "merely the fitness of things that Mrs. Stoddard's books should now be reproduced"; and to the "critical few" who a generation ago received them as "the pioneers of something new and real in the novelist's art" (to quote Mr. Stedman again) should now be added a larger public.

The 'Steel Hammer' is one of those cleverly constructed murder stories in which the French excel. Even yet the possibilities of such stories seem not to be exhausted, for we are given in this novel a score of new and ingenious situations. The absence of villany, except in the case of the murderer, or rather the presence of respectability, is perhaps the salient feature of the plot, and lends the book a sympathetic quality. The interview between the wives of the real murderer and of the accused one, the home lives of these true and upright women, the daily intercourse, superficially smooth, but with its hideous undercurrent of suspicion, between the murderer and his wife, the visit of the latter to the morgue to subject herself as her husband's other self to the test of "the judgment of God," are all originally conceived and impressively written. A shortening of the book would have spared the reader some of the wearisomeness which comes from an excessive paragraphic style, and would also have enabled the author to escape his own literary crime of postponing the end of the story to a sequel. The French law which assigns to the judge instead of to the lawyers the questioning of the accused and of the witnesses at a murder trial, and permits him to use his own discretion in allowing them to introduce theories as well as facts into their testimony, gives the author a dramatic opportunity in his trial scene, which is well used, and suggests the question whether the French may not after all be right in legally deciding that nothing is so misleading as facts.

'Lajla' is a most attractive little tale of northern Norway and the Lapps. The human interest of the story is not without a primitive charm, but the *raison d'être* of the book is to be found in the descriptions of the nomadic life of the Lapps a hundred years ago, their wanderings from mountain to coast and back again with the season's change, their meek acceptance of their position as a race inferior to the Norwegian, and their pathetic opposition, notwithstanding, to a merging of their language in that of the "haughty Daro." The reindeer plays a conspicuous part in the pages of 'Lajla' necessarily, since he is to the Lapp life, liberty, and currency; and one reads the tale with a bracing sense of driving the fleet animal over crisp snows lighted by auroral flashes or by the midnight sun.

DRUMMOND'S TROPICAL AFRICA.

Tropical Africa. By Henry Drummond, LL.D. Authorized edition. With six maps and illustrations. Scribner & Welford. 1888. Pp. xi, 228, 8vo.

It is still an unusual circumstance for a man of Prof. Drummond's mental characteristics and scientific training to make a pleasure trip into Central Africa. We greatly regret, therefore, that he has not seen fit to write a full account of his travels. Had he done so, not only would his book have been an important contribution to our knowledge of the region visited by him, but, we are convinced, he would better have reached his aim of arousing attention to the dangers of the negro, beset with the two-fold perils of slavery and intemperance. His sketches of scenery and descriptions of personal incidents and native customs are vivid and entertaining; his scientific and political chapters are instructive and convincing; but his book nowhere rises above the dignity or value of a cleverly written magazine article. Our regret is the greater as Prof. Drummond is a keen observer, as well as a master of literary expression, and succeeds better than most travellers in reproducing his own impressions in the minds of his readers. We do not remember, for instance, to have got from any other writer so clear an idea of the native tracks which traverse the "dark continent" from ocean to ocean. "They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic." So numerous and well defined are they that "probably no country in the world, civilized or uncivilized, is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent." The explorer has but to select one from a network leading from the east coast and to persevere in the right direction, "until one day suddenly he sniffs the sea-breeze again, and his faithful foot-wide guide lands him on the Atlantic seaboard." Equally graphic is the description, too long to be quoted in full, of the "vast, thin forest, jaded and sun-stricken, . . . the bare trunks frescoed with few lichens, their motionless and unrefreshed leaves drooping sullenly from their sapless boughs," which clothes east Central Africa.

The western limit of Prof. Drummond's wanderings was the plateau between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, which he reached by way of the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers and the former lake. Here he spent a few weeks, studying its geology and insect life, being the first naturalist to visit and describe this region. On his way thither he visited the station of Livingstonia, "one of the loveliest spots in the world." At the head of a bay at the southern end of Nyassa

"stood the small row of trim white cottages. A neat path through a small garden led up to the settlement, and I approached the largest house and entered. It was the Livingstonia manse—the head missionary's house. It was spotlessly clean; English furniture was in the room, a medicine chest, familiar-looking dishes were in the cupboards, books lying about, but there was no missionary in it. I went to the next house—it was the school: the benches were there and the blackboard, but there were no scholars and no teacher. I passed to the next; it was the blacksmith's shop; there were the tools and the anvil, but there was no blacksmith. And so on to the next, and the next, all in perfect order, and all *empty*. Then a native approached and led me a few yards into the forest. And there, among the mimosa trees, under a huge granite mountain, were four or five graves. These were the missionaries."

A firm friend and believer in missions, he closes a short digression upon the African fever in which is a realistic description of his own sufferings during an attack, naturally suggested by this melancholy scene, with a solemn warning to the missionary, that not even for a holy cause should a man "seek to overleap what is plainly a barrier of Nature," and "that those who work for the highest ends will best attain them in humble obedience to the common laws."

The scientific part of the volume is a sketch of the geology of the region through which he passed, and chapters upon the mimicry of insects and the white ant. In the latter he endeavors to show that this insect does, for Central Africa at least, what Mr. Darwin has demonstrated that earthworms are doing for many other parts of the globe. It brings such enormous quantities of the underlying earth to the surface in building, not only its houses, but also the tunnels through which it reaches and devours the dead limbs on trees, that at times every tree in forests miles in extent is "so swathed in red mud that the bark is almost completely concealed, the tree looking as if it had been taken out bodily and dipped in some crystallizing solution."

In striking contrast to the deserted mission-station of Livingstonia was another village upon the same lake visited by the author. Its filth was indescribable, and around the lodge of

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the chief were poles, impaled on which, "their ghastly faces shrivelling in the sun, I counted forty human heads." It was not a negro village, which are "never so dirty," but that of a noted Arab slaver. This scene and a distant glimpse of a slave caravan were apparently the only occasions in which Prof. Drummond came into direct contact with the accursed traffic which is to-day devastating vast regions of Central Africa. But the whole region passed through was affected by it in one way or another. About Lake Shirwa the main land is almost deserted, the remnant of negroes having fled for shelter from the kidnappers to the islands, which they never leave except under cover of the night. Then there were districts "where *three* natives cannot be sent a message in case two should combine and sell the third before their return." The Arabs pursue different methods in procuring slaves, the most common being that of simply raiding districts. But sometimes they

"will actually settle for a year or two in the heart of some quiet community in the remote interior. They pretend perfect friendship, they molest no one; they barter honestly. They plant the seeds of their favorite vegetables and fruits—the Arab always carries seeds with him—as if they meant to stay for ever. Meantime they buy ivory, tusk after tusk, until great piles of it are buried beneath their huts and all their barter-goods are gone. Then one day, suddenly, the inevitable quarrel is picked. And then follows a wholesale massacre. Enough only are spared from the slaughter to carry the ivory to the coast; the grass huts of the village are set on fire; the Arabs strike camp, and the slave-march, worse than death, begins."

A graphic representation of the extent of these operations, of which almost every fresh African mail brings us reports, is given in a "slave-trade map of Equatorial Africa," so colored as to show the districts harassed by the slave-hunters, those absolutely depopulated, and the principal tracks of the slave-caravans to the east coast, none reaching the Atlantic seaboard, though a few approach suspiciously near it. Prof. Drummond suggests two things which can be done to check, if not entirely uproot this frightful traffic—the maintaining a firm and uncompromising stand against it at Zanzibar, the Arab capital, and the establishment of small armed posts here and there throughout the country.

The concluding chapter, entitled "A Political Warning," discusses the Portuguese claims to the sole navigation of the Zambesi, and to a part at least of the country discovered by Dr. Livingstone and developed solely by the African Lakes Company and the Scotch Mission. These claims, which are simply destructive to the commercial and religious aims of both traders and missionaries, are shown to be indefensible, the Portuguese having acquired the districts claimed, neither by discovery, conquest, nor treaty. The importance of this question as regards the future of the negro, which is now occupying the serious attention of the English Foreign Office (the English Government having at one time given a moral guarantee of protection to the Scotch Mission), is shown by contrasting the condition of the negroes who live in the Portuguese dominions and of those who are building the Stevenson road between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. Language fails to describe the demoralization of the one. The others have voluntarily made forty-six miles of road, "full of difficult cuttings and gradients, which would not disgrace a railway contractor at home." In this connection we may say that we are surprised that Prof. Drummond has said nothing about the intemperance of the African, an evil probably more deadly even than his twin-curse slavery. If he had seen the West Coast negro, whose very currency is a bottle of rum, so as to have been able to compare him with these diligent laborers whose wages are "a yard or two of calico per week," he would have been as earnest and eloquent in his denunciation of the liquor traffic of Germany and the United States as he is of Arab slave-hunting.

The maps which accompany this volume, six in number, both scientific and political, are of unusual excellence. The omission of an index, however, is greatly to be regretted.

The Makers of Venice: Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of 'The Makers of Florence.' Macmillan & Co. 1888.

VENICE is one of the inexhaustible subjects of historian, romancer, or artist, and, like all subjects on which every student of the picturesque in either department must try a fall, it gets much illuminated and illustrated, and finally becomes hackneyed and wearisome. Mrs. Oliphant, as a practised writer with a strong appreciation of the romantic and an honest deference for the verities of history, has summed up, without novelty and without profound research, what the world of careless and sentimental readers care most to know about the city of the Lagunes, and told it in a way which, if sometimes slightly maudlin, is never really fatiguing, but which, it must be said at the same time, never rises above the commonplace. The book, *pueris virginibusque*, is genial in its second-hand inspiration, and sufficiently accurate in its second-hand research. It is, in fact, a specimen of book-making as done by thoroughly competent hack writers who have a job to do, and do it without enthusiasm and without a special fitness for the work, but also with a good English conscience and a creditable sobriety of style. It is another book on Venice, but then all is said.

The serious fault we should find with it is, that at times the habit of the novelist overcomes the author, and leads to the padding out to a quite unnecessary volume the history already full of detail, and weakening the narrative by a strained wordiness. Thus, in the account of the murder of Candiano, a savage event, of the details of which history knows very little, we have a minute description, as follows:

"This sudden conflagration lights up in the darkness of that distant age a savage scene. The Doge seized in his arms his young child, whether with the hope of saving it or of saving himself by means of that shield of innocence, and made his way out of his burning house, through the church which was also burning, though better able, probably, to resist the flames. . . . In the midst of the fire and smoke, surrounded by those threatening fierce countenances, with red reflections glittering in every sword and lance point, reflected over again in the sullen water, he made a last appeal. They had banished him in his youth, yet had relented and recalled him and made him Doge. Would they burn him out now, drive him into a corner, kill him like a wild beast? And supposing even that he was worthy of death, what had the child done, an infant who had never sinned against them? This scene, so full of fierce and terrible elements, the angry roar of the multitude, the blazing of the fire behind that circle of tumult and agitation, the wild glare in the sky, and amid all the one soft infantine figure held up in the father's despairing arms, might afford, etc."

This is poor descriptive writing, and would be weak even in a romance; but it is a fair example of much that goes to swell the bulk of the book, with about the same effect as the new process of fattening oysters by laying them down in fresh water, or the adding of useless details to a picture. Of the Piazza the author says: "Most probably this vacant space, in the days of the first Orseolo, was little more than a waste of salt-water grasses and sharp and acrid plants like those that now flourish in such luxuriance on the Lido, or perhaps boasted a tree or two, a patch of cultivated ground." But the writer of that had every opportunity to learn that there was originally a canal across the middle of the space now occupied by the Piazza, and that it was subsequently filled up to carry out some of the most important modifications in the architectural character of Venice of which we know, for on the *riva* of this canal stood the church built by Narses.

Of Orseolo we read:

"But one may fancy how, amid all the toils of the troubled state, while he labored and pondered how to get that money together for Valdrada, and pacify the Emperor and her other powerful friends, and how to reconcile all factions, and heal all wounds, and house more humbly his poor burned-out citizens [why *more* humbly?], the sight of those fair solid walls rising out of the ruins must have comforted his soul."

But we could fancy this without the authority or suggestion of Mrs. Oliphant, whose book would be all the more readable for the omission of this sentimental reflection, while the compliment of solidity paid the walls of St. Mark is perhaps the least merited of any that could be paid them, seeing that there is probably no work of approximate importance which less deserves the epithet of "solid."

In relating one of the most important military achievements of the early city, the subjugation of the Narentines, "sometimes called Narentani, sometimes Schiavoni and Croats, allied bands of sea robbers who infested the Adriatic," we have a right to expect some better account of these sea robbers, for it is a well-known as well as interesting fact that they were the advance of the great Slavic invasion which had occupied the upper Balkan country and advanced across the Danube in the later centuries of the Roman Empire, and driven the Illyrians to their present habitat, the provinces of Turkey known as Albania, Epirus, etc. They are now the Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Servians, etc. From them the Riva dei Schiavoni took its name; and by a prince of the same nationality, the last Prince of the Zeta, the hospital and church of St. George of the Slavs were founded. The Slavs on the River Narenta, having a magnificent port and a safe retreat up the river to where is now Metcovich, became seafarers, and, after the manner of most of their kind, more or less pirates, and united probably the greater part of the maritime marine population not under the influence of Venice. Instead of some historical information on the matter, we have the following characteristic effusion of commonplace sentiment.

"With what swelling sails, *con vento prospero*, the fleet must have swept back to the anxious city, which, with no post nor despatch-boat [why?] to carry her tidings, gazed silent, waiting in that inconceivable patience of old times, with anxious eyes watching the horizon! How the crowds must have gathered on the old primitive quays when the first faint rumor flew from Malamocco and the other sentinel isles of sails at hand! How many boats must have darted forth, their rowers half distracted with haste and suspense, to meet the returning armada and know the worst! Who can doubt that then, as always, there were some to whom the good news brought anguish and sorrow? But of that the chroniclers tell us nothing. Naturally, for the chroniclers in those days wrote history, and had no time to write what everybody knew and could readily anticipate."

The most kindly criticism would be to desire that the author should not be tempted again into the realms of historical labor when she has the entire field of romance still open.

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Gli Stati Uniti. Ricordi di Carlo Gardini. Bologna: Nicola Zanichelli. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 351, 392.

THE Italians are not a nation of tourists like the English and Americans; but we cannot accuse them of falling short of the traditions of their ancestors when we think of the fervor with which they have thrown themselves into the exploration of Africa, especially of Abyssinia, when we remember the books of travel of De Amicis and Foresta; or when we look at the volumes before us. Dr. Gardini came to the United States four times in eight years, between 1878 and 1886, and remained on each journey not less than eight months, during which he traversed nearly the whole of the United States. His observations are put into a continuous narrative—from New York to Albany; Boston, which he compares to Bologna as standing in a similar position towards the United States, so that *Docet* in the old phrase might as well be appended to Boston as to Bononia; Newport, the White Mountains, Saratoga, Niagara, the oil regions, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Colorado, Utah, California; and thence back by Arizona and Texas to New Orleans, and so through the South to Washington.

This book differs from most of the sort in being written by an enthusiastic admirer of the United States, and by one whose habits and points of view are very different from those of the Teutonic races. The author had, moreover, travelled over the greater part of Europe, so that he was at no loss for standards of comparison. He is evidently an acute man, who not only can see and lay stress upon what is best worth observing, but who notices many little details which do not strike the ordinary traveller. He is interested, for example, in the advertisements of railways and land companies which terminate in tableaus of graphic statistics. But while much impressed with the different forms taken by advertising in America, he does not seem to have noticed the growing indecency of pictorial advertisements, which so strikes an American on returning home after a year or two of absence—perhaps because this tendency in America is so similar to that nowadays observable in most European countries.

In spite of the title-page, Dr. Gardini presents us not with the impressions of a mere tourist, but with the reflections of a sensible man based on reasoning and close observation. Owing to his position he had access to good society, although, with occasional exceptions, he mentions no names, and never indulges in gossip either well-meant or ill-natured. His book is well illustrated—some of the woodcuts were lately displayed at the Exhibition of Bologna—and, what is rare in a book of this kind, he gives many graphic tables, maps of particular regions, and plans of towns and their surroundings.

Some of his remarks are acute, and many are interesting, as showing from what a point of view unusual to us they were looked at. For instance:

"University students are much calmer than their colleagues in Europe. They don't at all trouble themselves about politics or affairs outside their line of study; and, with the practical sense which animates the nation, they try to make the best use of their time. They fight no duels; and it is only for health and recreation that they take part in various sports and games."

"When there is a question of appointing bishops, creating dioceses, ecclesiastical discipline, or excommunication, the State remains passive; there is no right either of proposal, of preference or choice or *placet* or *exequatur*, or of any of those indefinable prerogatives which cause so many difficulties between the Church and governments."

The author notices the external religious feeling of Americans as shown in the Thanksgiving Day proclamations, oaths on the Bible in the courts, the grace said by clergymen at political dinners, and the observance of Sunday. He is astonished, however, at finding a fancy fair in a Catholic church at New York—a practice which, though now generally disused in Europe, dates from the good old mediæval times. His remarks about American men and women are entertaining:

"Women of New York, physically speaking, are the happy result of the fusion of the rigid, statuesque, and rather virile forms of English women with the sympathetic and attractive feminine qualities of the daughters of the Latin race. They are therefore not as expressive, as gushing, and as winning as Italian and French women; at the same time not as serious, cold, and angular as Anglo-Saxons."

"The men, however, inherit much more than the women Anglo-Saxon peculiarities. They are rather serious, with a less aristocratic bearing, and at first you would think them unsocial. But as soon as you are introduced they shake your hand, offer you a cigar, and with few but frank words ask you to sit down, and show you their house, their picture-gallery, or their garden. Their first questions are about America—if you like it; how you find its climate, and its government; what they think elsewhere of the progress of the Great Republic; if you are up to the last statistics; and whether you have observed that the value of the exports exceeds that of the imports."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bancroft, H. H. History of the Pacific States of North America. Vol. IX. Mexico, Vol. VI. 1861–1887. San Francisco: The History Co.
Brown, E., and Strauss, A. Dictionary of American Politics. New York: A. L. Burt. $1.
Griswold, W. M. Index to *Harper's Weekly*, 1857–1887. Washington (East Capitol Station): W. M. Griswold.
Lamartine, A. de. Selected Poems from Premières et Nouvelles Méditations. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cents.
Matthew, J. E. A Popular History of Music. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
Reid, T. W. Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall: Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $8.
Schreiner, Olive. The Story of an African Farm. New ed. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. $1.
Senior, W. Near and Far: an Angler's Sketches of Home Sport and Colonial Life. London: Sampson Low & Co.
Shakspere's Taming of the Shrew. (Bankside Shakspere. II.) Shakspere Society of New York.
The Curse and Chains of Roman Catholicism: a Controversy. Baltimore: R. H. Woodward & Co. 25 cents.
The Tariff Question: Cartoons and Comments from *Puck*. Keppler & Schwarzmann. 10 cents.
Thompson, M. A Fortnight of Folly. John B. Alden.
Venable, W. H. Footprints of the Pioneers in the Ohio Valley. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $1.
Vincent, Jacques. Vaillante—Ce que femme veut. Paris: Plon & Nourrit; Boston: Schoenhof.
Wallace, Susan E. The Land of the Pueblos. John B. Alden.
Walworth, Mrs. J. H. The Silent Witness. Cassell & Co. 25 cents.
Ward, Mrs. H. Robert Elsmere. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Waters, R. William Shakspere Portrayed by Himself. Worthington Co.
Watson, Prof. J. The Philosophy of Kant as Contained in Extracts from his Own Writings. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.
Wentworth, Prof. G. A. Text-Book of Geometry. Revised ed. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.35.
Wisconsin Historical Collections. Vol. XI. Madison, Wis.
Wycherley, W. Plays edited by W. C. Ward. London: Vizetelly & Co.; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

SUMMER BOOKS.

Entomology for Beginners,

By A. I. Packard, Professor in Brown University. 12mo, $1.75.

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'UNITY CLUBS' tells how to form literary societies. 10c. C. H. KERR & Co., Chicago.

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